Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 3, 1964 25 CENTS

THOSE BIG BAD BLACK HAWKS



BOBBY HULL SQUARES OFF



MERCURY . . . THE CAR THAT MADE THE STATION WAGON BEAUTIFUL

At one time you had to sacrifice beauty to gain the extra room in a wagon. Over the years, Mercury led the way in changing that. The room was kept, in fact increased (now 99.2 cu. ft. — just about the biggest there is). But Mercury knew that with most owners the station wagon is their only car. It has to do triple duty... as a family car, a "dress-up" car, and a cargo carrier. Mercury made it beautiful... luxurious inside. Just how beautiful you can see in the picture above. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY **MERCURY... The Wagon Specialist**



HEADS UP PLAY

Jack Twyman (27), Cincinnati All-Pro forward, drives through Boston defenders for another basket as the Royals defeat the World Champion Celtics 118-108, Dec. 5, 1963

HEADS UP LOOK



Jack Twyman can give pointers on basketball – and good grooming. He knows creams and oils pile up on his comb, plaster-down his hair, make it feel messy. None of that greasy kid stuff for Jack. He uses greaseless Vitalis.® You can't see Vitalis, but what a job it does!



Another fine product of Bristol-My

VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE



"WE BROKE ALL OUR COMPANY'S SALES RECORDS IN THREE MONTHS—SELLING BY LONG DISTANCE!"

says Cecil Flynn, Manager, Kochton Plywood Div., General Plywood Corp., Indianapolis, Ind.

To build sales volume and reduce sales costs, Kochton Plywood recently began a planned use of Long Distance.

"We now ask customers to call in their orders 'Collect,' " says Mr. Flynn. "We also make daily calls to areas where our trucks will be delivering the next day. The extra orders we get help to fill up those trucks.

"We've set new sales records—and our telephone costs are one-tenth of our usual selling costs!"

Could this planned use of Long Distance help your business sell more profitably? Try it and see for yourself.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Talk things over, get things done.. by Long Distance!

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Next week

THE WINTER OLYMPICS begin, and from Innsbruck a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED team of writers and photographers reports on the color and drama of the famed quadrennial event.

THE BEST-LOOKING DOGS and a good-looking girl will make a formidable combination at the Westminster when three-time winner Anne Hone Rogers struts her poodles.

AWESOME SONNY LISTON seems unbeatable. Is he really? Four fighters who stood up to him and think he is not tell Morton Sharnik how Sonny can be dealt with—and beaten.

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Some timely advice to people who want to sail ahead financially

(BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET LAUNCHED)

If you're like most of us, you've given up the idea of being the richest man in town. But, chances are, you're still very interested in how you can get the things you need for yourself and your family. Doing this may be easier than you think.



In your lifetime, you'll probably borrow more money than you'll save. (Most people do.) Counting home loans, appliance loans, car loans, college loans, personal loans, and you-name-it loans, your savings and your day-to-day budget just aren't built to carry this kind of a load.

A suggestion to the wise, then, is this: Borrow where you pay a *low* rate of interest. And that's where "Full Service" banks come in.

"Full Service" banks lend money at rates generally lower than anywhere else. They're in business to make any kind of legitimate loan you can request. (On a $2,000 loan, for example, you could save as much as $100 in interest charges.) If you get your loans anywhere else – excluding rich relatives—you're probably paying a good deal more for them.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Here's a step-by-step plan for getting a good bank in your corner. It seldom fails if it's started early.

1. Pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it *all* your banking business. This includes all of your checking and savings accounts.
2. Get on a nod-and-smile basis with one or two of the people in the bank.
3. When you need extra cash, take out one of the bank's low-cost loans instead of dipping into your savings. Pay it back with impressive punctuality. (This proves you're serious.)



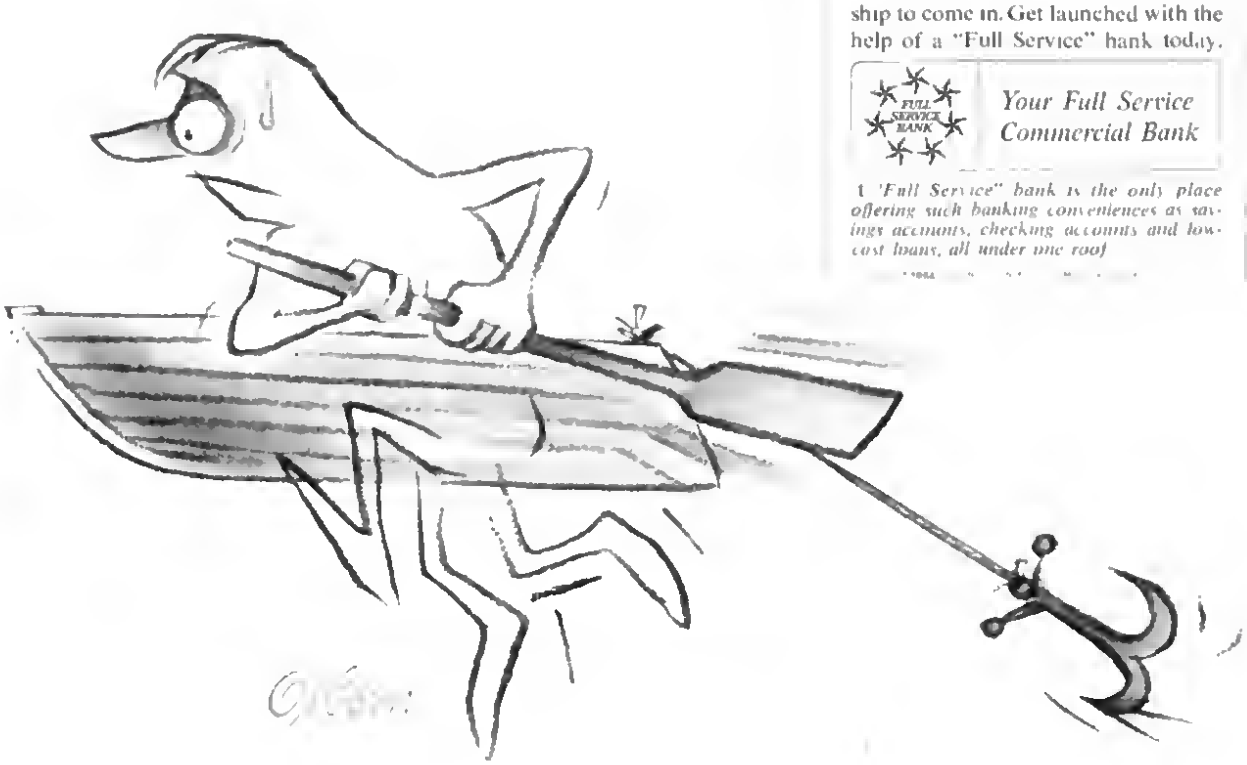
That's all. Almost before you realize it, you're a small pillar of the community. Your credit rating is A-1. You've got yourself a live financial partner who's ready with useful financial advice. And you're in the enviable position of being able to set up larger loans for your more important goals.

Don't wait around for tomorrow's ship to come in. Get launched with the help of a "Full Service" bank today.

FULL SERVICE BANK

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

† *"Full Service" bank is the only place offering such banking conveniences as savings accounts, checking accounts and low-cost loans, all under one roof.*



Falcon proves it's America's toughest compact in the rugged Monte Carlo Rallye!



Maritime Alps were full of empty voids like this "shelf" turn at the start of the fourth special section. There's no margin for error.

Falcon entered two classes in Europe's 2,700-mile winter ordeal, won them both... and finished second overall out of 299 cars. That's durability!

In the Rallye's five special Alpine sections, Falcon was first overall in four, tied for first in one. That's roadability!

In the Rallye's final test around the Monte Carlo racing course, Falcons were first and second. That's maneuverability!

There were 299 cars on hand for the start of the 33rd Monte Carlo Rallye. Some 2,700 miles and 3½ days later, only 163 were still in the rally when the field struggled into Monaco—but they included all eight of the specially prepared Falcons that originally started!

This eight out of eight record was perhaps more remarkable than the fact that, despite a handicap favoring the smallest cars, a Falcon captured second overall. One car can have luck . . . but eight have to have *total performance*.

The final results in the Monte Carlo Rallye gave Falcon 2nd place overall, 1st in Class 8 of the Touring category, 1st and 2nd in Class 5 of the much tougher Grand Touring category, 1st and 2nd in the final three-lap test on the Monte Carlo circuit. But Falcon got a lot more than that from these specially equipped cars it got invaluable experience in how to build a car better, make it tougher, sharpen up its *total performance*. That's the real reason Ford is interested in open competition—and why Ford-built cars have got so much more to show drivers.



A Falcon storms uphill on the twisting Grand Prix circuit in Monte Carlo



Snow was a lot surer footing than the ever-present glare ice. Here practice run tests Falcon traction.

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

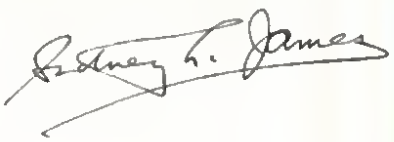
FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

WINNER OF THE MOTOR TREND "CAR OF THE YEAR" AWARD

Ford

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



One of the most observant reporters at work for us in this issue is a Chicagoan named Franklin McMahon, whose colorful recording of the two-week ocean race from San Diego to Acapulco, Mexico appears on pages 28–36. McMahon files his account of it with paintbrushes.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED holds that the artist-reporter can do as much as the word-man or the cameraman to capture the shine and movement of sport. He brings his private and opinionated eye to the event; when he does his job well he catches truth in a new way.

More than a score of such fine observers have reported for us in the past 12 months, using styles that range from turn-of-the-century gentleness and classicism to realism, to witty distortion, to smashing boldness. Sometimes the artist-reporter is given weeks to finish his work, other times he covers a Saturday-night event and makes a Sunday-editorial deadline.

Choosing and guiding SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's artists, as indeed he guides the look of the magazine itself each week, is Art Director Richard (Dick) Gangel, 45, a native New Yorker who set aside his own paintbrushes to pilot P-38s in North Africa and Italy in World War II and came to us after two years as an assistant art director of LIFE. Dick Gangel was asked not long ago what he seeks—and does not seek—in the art that fills our pages. He began, and crisply, with what will not do: "Anything deriving from that exhausted old tradition in which the artist, as a mere interpreter of somebody's script, painted gorgeous, dreamy works for ladies' love stories—each cream-puff page setting art backward a baby step." And what does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED seek? Says Gangel: "Convictions, quality, principles, bold ideas, frankness, personal involvement; adult themes presented with daring; exploration of new directions."



ART DIRECTOR GANGEL

•

We believe that the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader appreciates this kind of art and this kind of art direction. One of the most distinguished award groups in U.S. art also appreciates it. New York's 63-year-old Society of Illustrators, after examining 900 paintings and drawings submitted in the category of editorial art (chiefly magazine), this week awarded two gold medals.

Both were for art from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1963.

One medal went to Harvey Schmidt, whose work has appeared many times in this magazine, for a green and almost pastoral moment in which the crew of an eight-oared shell makes its way under arching trees toward the start of the Syracuse regatta (SI, June 10).

And one went to Satirist Saul Steinberg, making his first reportorial appearance in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (and for him a rather rare appearance in color) for his jockey and Thoroughbred confronting each other (SI, Nov. 11).

In an Award of Excellence, the Society of Illustrators also cited Artist Bob Peak for his vividly charging blockers in a pro football portfolio (SI, Sept. 9). New Yorkers and visitors are invited to see these and 300 other fine examples of illustrators at work, until March 6, at the Society's gallery, 128 East 63rd Street.

Sports Illustrated

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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Do you have to taste all 208 to find the one Scotch that's smoothest?

You have a surprising choice of more than 200 brands of Scotch whisky.

Must you sample your way through all of them to find the *one* whose most pronounced asset is smoothness?

Never! Go unerringly to the Scotch more people prefer: Johnnie Walker Red.

Sample it.

You'll find it smooth and satisfying. So very smooth, so very satisfying, that Johnnie Walker Red is the world's largest-selling Scotch whisky.

End your quest for uncompromising smoothness tonight. Say:

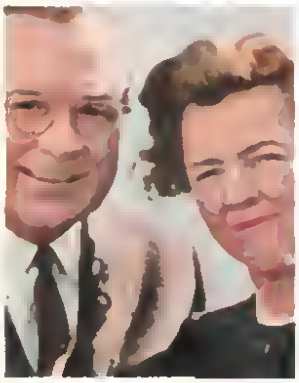


Johnnie Walker Red—just smooth, very smooth

TAKE THE EXECUTIVE ROUTE TO EUROPE



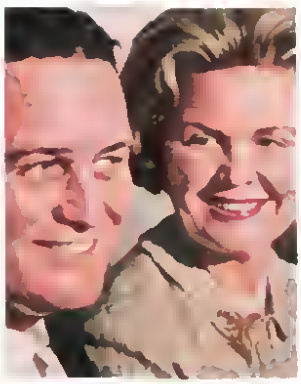
JOIN THE DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS WHO SAIL TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP



Mr. & Mrs. P. Huber Hanes, Jr., have made many crossings. He is President of P. H. Hanes Knitting Company



Mr. Clarence Francis, former Chairman of General Foods Corp. chooses s.s. United States again and again



The George O'Neils enjoy s.s. United States. He is President of the Pepsi Cola Bottling Co. New Rochelle, N.Y.



James Landauer, President, Grand Central Building, Inc., has made several crossings on s.s. United States.

Brownstone fronts and crosstown traffic lie far astern. With the Atlantic slipping past at more than 30 knots, life takes on a new dimension, for, suddenly, time no longer matters. Yet in only a weekend and three business days you'll arrive in Europe, relaxed and rested.

A voyage to Europe on the fast United States is the supremely perfect compliment to a valuable executive. Here you have the time to think, the space you like. May we suggest that your wife accompany you so that you both can enjoy the heated pool, deck games in champagne like air, bridge tournaments, dancing and the many other opportunities for pleasure.

If you *must* work, secretaries and dictating machines are available, while from your telephone you have communication to almost any spot on earth. No wonder experienced international businessmen sail on the s.s. United States or the America again and again. We also offer de luxe cruises to the West Indies this winter.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

UNITED STATES LINES



Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.
If you don't, stomp off.
Or see the manager.
Be a real pain in the neck.
You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see •SANFORIZED•
You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see •SANFORIZED plus•
TRADEMARK
Right there. On the label.
Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."
If it is, why doesn't it say so?
You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".
Get them.

PIKAKE, PRIVACY AND THE PACIFIC



by Peter Griffith

If you've always thought of a Hawaiian vacation in terms of Waikiki Beach as I must admit I have, there's a surprise in store for you. Just a few miles to the East, between Diamond Head and Koko Head you'll discover Kahala, the smartest suburb of Honolulu. Here the new Kahala Hilton has added privacy to the joys of Hawaiian resort living. The result: a paradise that would make a rajah feel underprivileged.



Peaceful Paradise

The Kahala Hilton is well hidden from the hubbub. Its seven acre estate is bordered on three sides by the golf course and tennis courts of the Waialae Country Club and on the fourth by an 800 foot coral-free ocean beach. You can relax all day in any way you like. Or be as active as you want to be.



All this and Hawaii, too

You could have a glorious time at the Kahala Hilton without ever leaving the estate. But there's all of Hawaii to explore as well. A good idea might be to spend a morning on the beach, or perhaps go water skiing or skin-diving, then after lunch in the Grill Room, overlooking a beautiful lagoon stocked with exotic tropical fish, drive to Honolulu. You're only 15 minutes away.

While you're exploring, don't miss the spectacular precipice of Nuuanu Pali—some 2000 feet of sheer rock over which King Kamehameha I drove his enemies in battle. And famous Diamond Head, which you'll want to climb for its fabulous view of the city and the ocean, is on your way back to the Hotel.

Evenings usually begin with cocktails in the sunken bar by the swimming pool, followed by a leisurely dinner in the Maile Lanai dining room, where the fountains play and the chef is a genius. Then you can dance on the terrace under the stars to the murmur of the sea and the exotic fragrance of pikake flowers.

Palatial Comfort

The Kahala Hilton is unashamedly designed to pamper you with every possible comfort. The rooms and suites are oversized ... the furnishings and décor are what you'd expect to find in a palatial home ... and the staff has been schooled to the fare thee well.

Naturally, [illegible] costs a little more than ordinary resort hotels. But probably not as much more as you'd expect. Rates start at $22 a day and go on up to $150 for a luxurious suite.

Frolic at Waikiki

While you're in Hawaii, join the fun at the Hilton Hawaiian Village at Waikiki. This play-as-you-please, informal resort is only 20 minutes from the Kahala Hilton. When you've seen it, you may want to stay there, too. Rates start at $14 a day single, $16, double.

The nicest way to Hawaii

Pan Am Jet Clippers® arrive in Honolulu four or five times a day. They're roomy, well-appointed and beautifully kept. In the midst of restful surroundings, you enjoy delicious international cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris*. (The more famous entrees include Beef Stroganoff and Stuffed Rock Cornish Hen.) Champagne and vintage wines for the first-class *President Special* passengers, with the compliments of the airline.

Pan Am flies here from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. No matter which city you leave from, you're here in little more than five hours. A great start for your holiday in Hawaii! When you travel Pan Am you find out in many ways that you're with the World's Most Experienced Airline.



Don't you think you deserve this kind of heaven? Write now for full details and color brochures to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

SCORECARD

NIGNWAY ROBBERY

The Beaver Kill and Willowemoc Creek, which wind through the Catskill Mountains, are perhaps the most legendary of American trout streams. A fair chunk of both of them is in danger of becoming mere memory.

The New York State Department of Public Works wants to run a seven-mile stretch of four-lane highway along the banks of the Willowemoc and another 16-mile stretch along the Beaver Kill. Here and there the state also plans to build a dozen bridges to span the streams. The completed road would help link an express highway between New York City and Binghamton, N.Y.

The people who live in the area, particularly in the town of Roscoe, where the Willowemoc joins the Beaver Kill, have long wanted a four-lane road. The only trouble is that many of them do not want the one proposed by the state. Harry Darbee, the celebrated flytier and a native of Roscoe, says the bridges would be especially damaging to the streams because they would force water to scour the bottom and fill in the pools. A number of Roscoe businessmen say stream-route construction would wipe out part of the town's small business section. Darbee has proposed that the state run the road higher up in the hills, where a natural bench could be used.

But Public Works Superintendent J. Burch McMorran is unmoved. Although McMorran promised to meet with Darbee and a local committee before deciding on final plans, he recently announced that the road and bridges would go in as proposed and that contracts would soon be let. He dismissed the bench route as "utterly impractical" and said a meeting was "pointless."

Darbee, local businessmen, Trout, Unlimited and others are preparing for battle. Among other things, Darbee plans to ask the Federal Government, which is supposed to foot half the bill for the road, to send in river-basin experts. "I feel angry because I don't think it's necessary to do business this way," he says. "And I feel depressed when I think of how we're being robbed of our streams by highwaymen. It may be easier to build this way, but it is very expensive for the American people."

ONE OF OUR PLANES IS MISSING

At Hialeah Park a few days ago, a plane circled over the infield towing a banner. "On Your Way Home, Get Even At Bowie." Hialeah officials promptly dispatched a telegram to the Bowie publicity department. It read: "Your plane shot down at 4:23 p.m. today."

REEL KNOCKOUT

A young man named Jim Jacobs is a most remarkable athlete. Now 32, he set all sorts of track, basketball and football records as a high school boy in Los Angeles. He has won 16 national handball titles. He is also remarkably astute. Since the age of 14, he has been collecting fight films, and he now boasts the largest collection in the world: 13,000 films dating from the Corbett-Fitzsimmons melee in 1897. In recent years, Jacobs has turned his collection to business use. For instance, in association with The Big Fights, Inc., a company owned by Bill Cayton, a New York ad man, he co-produced a turn-of-the-century fight spectacular for CBS. Now Jacobs and Cayton have produced another fascinating program, *The Sonny Liston vs. Cassius Clay Special*, a preview of the February 25 bloodletting in Miami Beach, which they will show to TV officials this week.

The Liston-Clay special is interesting not only for what the contestants have to say about each other (Clay appears more outrageous than ever, even to the point of adding sound effects), but also for what is shown of them in fights past. Here, for example, is Clay getting off the floor to knock out his rival for a berth on the 1960 Olympic team. Here is Clay trouncing George Logan, a tough pro, in his first test, and here is Cassius beating Archie Moore. Pictures can be deceptive, but so can Clay. He is a clever boxer with, as Jacobs points out, 203 amateur fights behind him.

The image of Liston, of course, is overwhelming, even as a youngster battering an opponent in the Golden Gloves. Of special interest is the film of his fight, the one he calls his toughest, with brawling Cleveland Williams. It is a rare sight to see Liston taking a pounding. But strangely, perhaps, the most impressive shots of all are of Sonny in training. Liston skipping rope to the thundering music of *Night Train* is menace personified.

BUCKLE DOWN

Basketball Coach Horace (Bones) McKinney of Wake Forest is perhaps the most excitable of his excitable breed. When a game is on, he just cannot sit still. He is up on his feet, pacing the sidelines, waving his arms, exhorting Wake Forest to victory. Four years ago, the Atlantic Coast Conference passed a rule aimed at curbing his antics: a coach had to stay on the bench or a technical foul would be called. Try as he might, Bones could not stick to the rule.

Last week Bones announced he would strap himself to the bench with an automobile seat belt for a home game against Maryland. "If I'm going to stay in this



business," Bones said, "I'm going to have to do something about the tension."

When the game started Bones strapped himself in with a red belt selected to match the flaming red socks he wears for luck. For most of the game he only fidgeted with the belt. Then, with only nine minutes remaining and favored Wake Forest kicking away the game, the referee made an unfavorable call. Off

continued

How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-*saved;*" the other, "String-*too short to save*".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskies.

Now the simple function of a still, in case you're interested, is to separate the whiskey from the mash. In so doing, certain flavoring agents called congenerics may or may not accompany the bourbon, depending on the "set" of the still.

It follows, therefore — the more congenerics the more generous the taste.

Inside our old-fashioned pot stills, we save "string" other distillers throw away. This is because our family distillery addresses itself to serving a special coterie of bourbon men who like their whiskey to sit up in the glass!

Unlike certain of today's bland versions with most of their congenerics "boiled" away, our OLD FITZGERALD comes through the still at a just-right proof to tote the rich bourbon flavors along, then goes on to mature to fragrant mellowness after 6 or more years in new white mountain oak.

If you are one who selects your brand for *depth* of flavor instead of *lack*, we invite you to join this inner circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the satisfying goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

SCORECARD *continued*

went the belt, up raged McKinney, but to no avail as Wake Forest lost, 91–82. Bones will probably continue to buckle down at home. There is little else he can do. Last season he told an assistant to pull him down by the coattails if he stood up. The assistant did as ordered, only to have Bones snarl threateningly, "Take your hands off me."

DOWNHILL DANGER

The downhill race in Alpine skiing has become a sport for the young, fearless—and some say foolish—athlete. Wearing a crash helmet, the downhill skier bends into a tuck on the steep straightaway, his nose just above the snow, his skis streaking at better than 70 mph. Last week in Innsbruck, the evening before the men's downhill course opened, a Swedish expert warned, "The downhill is becoming too much."

His words were proved true the next day. Ross Milne, 19, of Australia, only three years a skier, was killed, and two members of the Liechtenstein team were gravely injured. Milne, swerving to avoid another racer, hurtled head first into a pile of rocks.

Says U.S. Alpine Coach Bob Beattie: "The real problem is that the Olympics have reached the point where they need to put the less experienced racers into another grade and let them qualify. The course was beautifully prepared, but it was dangerous because you go off the course when you fall, and there is no snow on which to land. Finally, there was no control at the starting gate. Too many slow ones got on at the same time as too many fast ones."

For human safety, the Olympic downhill field must be cut to a class A group of no more than 30. This does not contradict the idea that racers of all countries be given a chance. The chance should be to compete, not to be killed.

BEASTLY SPORTS

Every boy who attends England's Eton is supposed to have an acquaintance with a large variety of sports to fit him for his later role in life—governing the world, it used to be. Etonians have been schooled in everything from boxing to following beagles.

Now the new headmaster, Anthony Chenevix-Trench, has shocked old Etonians, such as Harold Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, along with dozens of dukes, earls and marquesses, by threatening to ban boxing at Eton even though as a boy he was good in the ring himself. At Bradfield College, where he was headmaster before going to Eton, Chenevix-Trench got the idea of banning boxing from the school doctor, because of supposed danger to the boys' health. "When the health of other people's children is at stake," remarks Chenevix-Trench, "you cannot be too careful." "Plain ridiculous," retorts Onslow Fane, chairman of the British Boxing Board of Control. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Onslow Fane. Before Etonians learned to box with one another, in times gone by, they were fond of beating up the lower orders, particularly local Thames bargemen. A truly beastly pastime was a ram hunt, which involved clubbing the unfortunate animal to death. After one wild chase of a ram over Windsor Bridge, Eton authorities interceded. They were upset not by the fate of the ram, but because they felt that the exercise might make the boys hot and endanger their health.

NEW CREW FOR KSU

For reasons apparent to anyone who has ever passed through the state, most Kansans are more familiar with the prairie schooner than with true boats. But, with creation of the $90 million Tuttle Creek Reservoir, an expanse of 15,800 acres, that may now be changed. Kansas State University is about to have a crew. This is all so new to KSU that the university's announcement of the development explains carefully that the "rowing team" is referred to as "the crew."

The crew plan was the inspiration of Don Rose, night director of the Student Union and former coxswain at the University of Wisconsin. He wangled a 30-year-old shell from Purdue University and sets of sweeps from Rollins College and Marietta College. Thus equipped, Rose sent out a call for candidates. Only one with previous experience turned up—John Wundrock, who had rowed at Wisconsin. Wundrock became captain.

This spring KSU's crew hopes to compete against Minnesota and Purdue and in the Dad Vail regatta. The latter, limited to small colleges and schools new to rowing, is usually held in Philadelphia but this year goes to New York as part of the World's Fair celebration.

GADGET GOLF

Beware of the next golfer you meet with glasses. Up in Calgary, Alta., a clever chap has invented a gadget called a "Putt-

aide," which is a set of eyeglasses with a built-in prism. The prism allows the golfer to get a straight line from the flag to the ball. All he has to do is putt the ball along the line, which is as clear as though chalk-dusted on the green.

Canadian golfers have snapped up Puttaides at such a rate that a Japanese manufacturer is now selling them for around $9 each. Plans call for invasion of the U.S. market soon. Unfortunately, the USGA, which frowns on artificial aids, is likely to declare the Puttaide illegal for tournament play. A couple of years ago, the USGA banned a putter with a built-in periscope.

THE LAST WHALE

Few track fans remember the Whales. Ah, they were a fine lot, big strapping lads who threw the 16-pound hammer and the 56-pound weight in the early days of this century. Among the Whales were Matt McGrath, Martin Sheridan, John Flanagan, Pat McDonald and Simon P. Gillis—and they got their nicknames because they ate like, well, whales. Now comes word from Phoenix, Ariz. that Simon P. Gillis, the last of the Whales, is dead.

Simon P. was 88, and he had had a life of achievement and fun. A mountain of a man, he was born in Nova Scotia and came to New York, where he performed with the Irish-American Athletic Club. He and his pals were the envy of other athletes. They were stuffed with food on the theory that they would throw farther, and much of the legend of the Whales has to do with eating. Once Gillis and two Whales phoned a restaurant to order 27 dozen oysters and six steaks. Upon arrival, they found the table set for 33. "Will you wait for the group, gentlemen?" the headwaiter asked. "We *are* the group," replied the three Whales.

In London for the 1908 Olympics, Gillis, McGrath and a shotputter acquaintance hired a cab. At their destination, they stood up simultaneously, causing the cab floor to collapse. In 1919, Gillis settled in Arizona and became a successful contractor. In 1928, when he was 52, he came out of retirement to appear at a Phoenix track meet. He threw the hammer 172 feet two inches. It was a Southern Pacific AAU record.

THEY SAID IT

• La Salle Coach Bob Walters, on his team's 31-point upset loss to Duquesne: "I can't say any one player caused this. It honestly was a team effort." **END**



Roger V. Loria of V. Loria & Sons, bowling supplies

Why Roger V. Loria uses a postage meter to mail 14 letters a day–

"Mail is incidental in a business such as ours. And that's why we put in this little Pitney-Bowes postage meter. It frees us from the bother of buying and storing and sticking stamps and inefficient pre-stamped envelopes. I was skeptical about a postage meter at first, but the longer we have it, the more we like it."

Maybe mail isn't a big thing in your business, either. But you can still have the big-business benefits of metered mail—with Pitney-Bowes DM, the little low-cost postage meter machine made for small business. Over one-third of DM users average less than $1 a day in postage!

You're through sticking stamps! And safeguarding fragile adhesive stamps in a stamp box. And running down to the postoffice when you run out of stamps. Metered mail needs less handling in the postoffice, can often go out on earlier trains and planes.

With the DM, you print postage as you need it for any class of mail – directly on the envelope, or special gummed tape for parcel post. At the same time, print your own small ad, if you want one.



The postoffice sets your meter for as much postage as you want to buy. The meter protects your postage from loss, damage, diversion; gives you automatic and accurate postage accounting; double registers show postage used, and postage on hand.

Powered models for larger mailers. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration of the meter you need – 170 offices in U.S. and Canada. Call today.

FREE. *New booklet, "8 Questions to Ask Yourself About Your Use of the U.S. Mails" plus handy chart of latest postal rates.*

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 3, 1964

THEY MUST STAY MAD

TONY TRIOLO

The four furious faces below belong to Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita, Pierre





TO WIN

Chicsgo's Black Hswks set a new style of rough, tough hockey to lead the NHL. Now the other tesms ere cstching on end, ss the bruises snd pensitiss mount, ths Hswks must fight herder thsn sver

CONTINUED

Pilots and Murray Balfour, whose reliably short tempers put Chicago on top. Coach Billy Reay (in fedora) *says: "I like aggressive players."*









One hezerd of the wild, wide-open hockey the Bleck Hewks heve mede feshionable is the demend it puts on the goelie to keep up with his feet-moving forwerds and defenasemen. At right, Chicego's Glenn Hell, the leegue's best, leeps up to meet a puck rocketing in from the melee.



Free-for-alls on the ice have been the keynote of this hockey season, and the Black Hawks have been in the middle of most of them. At left, Chicago tangles with the last-place Bruins, whose Boston-style brawling has helped enliven play even though they are in the league basement.

Overzealous attention to his duties as team "policemen" has earned Black Hawk Reg Fleming (below, center) the distinction of being the most heavily fined player in the NHL. Since opponents worked over by Fleming often develop symtoms of timidity, Coach Reay does not disapprove.

CONTINUED





In the end, no matter how many bruises it inflicts or how many goals it shoots, any team depends for success on keeping opponents from scoring. So far, along with a furious offense, the Hawks have done better in this respect than any other team. The sample of last-ditch defense at right shows Goalie Hall trapped in his net before a wholesale onslaught by the New York Rangers.

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THE $28 MILLION-DOLLAR DEAL

High finance and hard infighting went into the acquisition of an unprecedented pro football TV package last week, presenting most major sports with the happy prospect of a new golden age

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

One day last week a pink-and-white plant with shiny green leaves arrived at the New York offices of National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle. Technically, the plant was *Azalea indica*, and spread over its shiny green leaves were three small oblong cards, each decorated with a galaxy of dollar signs. On one card was written "CBS Television Network," on another, "NBC Television Network," and on the third, "ABC Television Network." Rozelle examined the plant, which had been sent to him by a friend in the advertising business, and noticed a Band-Aid box bearing a message leaning against the stalk. "Exercise care in opening envelopes," the message read. "Paper cuts."

Forty-five minutes after the arrival of the *Azalea indica* Pete Rozelle opened three large, plain envelopes and emerged unbloodied—his hands dripping with green instead of red. Each of the envelopes contained a preciously guarded bid for the 1964–65 television rights to the NFL's regular season games. Rozelle's announcement that CBS-TV had won those rights by bidding an unprecedented $28.2 million produced staggering reactions up and down Madison Avenue, at the television networks themselves, among sports fans and sports promoters the country over.

In California, Walter O'Malley, the owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers and a pretty good man at assessing situations, said, "I flipped. It's a tremendous compliment to the NFL. It shows great intelligence, good planning and fine foresight. It is also solid proof of the great national interest in sports. It is great for sports and a great tribute to sports."

As the chart at right indicates, sports are booming on television now as never before, and the $150 million spent on sports by advertisers in 1963 will easily be surpassed this year. The $28.2 million bid by CBS and the unsuccessful bids of $26.1 million by ABC and $21.5 million by NBC give a clear indication of what is going through the minds of the men in the nation's networks and advertising agencies.

Ever since last August, William C. MacPhail, vice-president in charge of sports at CBS, had been concerned about keeping the rights to NFL games on his network. Two years ago, when CBS last negotiated for the NFL rights, it paid only $9.3 million, but everyone knew that the price

would go much higher this time. Speculations ran from $14 million to $20 million, and throughout the offices in Ulcer Gulch pools were formed to guess the correct bid. People with access to ratings noticed that from 1961 to 1963 the audience had increased by 50%. The presidents of all three networks thought deep presidential thoughts of how high they might have to bid to get NFL football—the biggest single sports showcase in the TV industry. "The thinking within television and within advertising is that when a network says it has NFL," an advertiser said last week, "it really has something. I believe that if the American Broadcasting Company could say that it had NFL it would open up areas for itself that it could not open up otherwise. There are a lot of two-station towns in America, with one station handling CBS, the other NBC. If ABC could get that foot in the door it could drag in some of its other things."

Six weeks ago NBC won the 1964–65 rights to the Saturday afternoon college (NCAA) football games by bidding $13,044,000—$2.8 million more than CBS had paid for the 1962 and 1963 seasons. This brought the normal long-range war between CBS and NBC down to almost hand-to-hand combat. Recently Richard S. Salant, a vice-president of CBS-TV, made a statement that almost sums up this feeling of competition. "I don't sleep well when I'm losing," said Salant, "and I love to sleep." William R. McAndrew, an NBC-TV executive vice-president, stated it more crisply: "We intend to kill them—clean."

Upon winning the college games, NBC thought it could then gain the NFL and figured its bid adequate. With the NFL defeat, NBC executives fled the bid meeting in Rozelle's office with heads bowed. MacPhail's head, of course, was high. For weeks he had been lying awake nights, and when he arrived at the meeting he was floating on a $28.2 million dream. Once he found out that he had won the rights he puffed a sigh of relief, then a Marlboro, settled back and tried to relax. "This has been no kidding matter," he said. "This whole thing has been just fraught with emotion. By me. By Mr. Aubrey [James T. Aubrey Jr., the president of the network]. By the advertisers. It's an image thing and everybody wants the image. Wants the NFL."

The National Football League will distribute its freshly-harvested television money at the rate of $1 million to each of its 14 teams for each of the next two years. "I can remember just eight years ago," said Rozelle, "when the Green Bay Packers signed a television contract for $35,000. People kid me sometimes about the cliché that on any given Sunday any team in the league can beat any other team. Well, if each has a million dollars before the season opens that should certainly make that cliche more true. Think of the expenses that the $1 million will take care of." (The cost of running an NFL team ranges between $1.4 and $1.8 million a year.)

For MacPhail and for CBS-TV their new contract offers a problem, best expressed by MacPhail's own secretary when she heard that CBS had acquired the NFL games. "Bill," she said, "the whole office is jumping up and down. Of course, we realize that some of us may have to take a cut in pay." To get its $28.2 million back, CBS will jack up costs to advertisers from $40,000 a minute to between $55,000 and $60,000. It will add more commercials. Next fall CBS will also give viewers doubleheaders—probably five of them. For example, a Giants-at-Steelers game shown in New York would be followed by a game from the West Coast. The time difference would work out just right.

Bob Reynolds, the president of the Los Angeles baseball Angels and the owner of radio station KMPC in Los Angeles, says that the huge NFL-CBS contract "is a clear forerunner of what is likely to happen in baseball and other sports. Sports may find in network television what they may have been expecting from pay-TV. This may be the networks' way of keeping pay-TV out of the sports market." And last week baseball men were hard at work on a plan that would give each team equal moneys for a nationwide, prime-time Monday night game, plus Saturday and Sunday games. Under this plan some baseball people see a $40 million yearly contract.

The $40 million dream may or may not come true, but CBS obviously is prepared to bet that TV advertisers and their customers are ready to pay $28 million-plus for NFL football right now. **END**

THE MOST POPULAR TELEVISED SPORTING EVENTS

This chart shows how the A. C. Nielsen Company rated the biggest sports events of 1963 (all daytime, none in "prime" evening time). Using a base of 50 million television sets in the U.S., column two shows the percentage and column three the total number of homes tuned in to each event

PROGRAM	RATING	HOMES	PROGRAM	RATING	HOMES
World Series (Sunday)	39.5	20,260,000	AFL All-Star	13.7	6,823,000
Rose Bowl	32.8	16,334,000	Baseball All-Star	13.6	6,773,000
NFL title (12/30/62)	26.5	13,197,000	College football avg.	13.4	
NFL Thanksgiving	22.9	11,750,000	Cotton Bowl	11.8	5,876,000
NFL runner-up bowl	21.7	10,807,000	Orange Bowl	11.0	5,478,000
Sugar Bowl	20.3	10,109,000	Masters playoff	10.4	5,179,000
NFL All-Star	19.2	9,562,000	Belmont Stakes	10.2	5,080,000
AFL title (12/23/62)	17.3	8,615,000	Preakness Stakes	9.6	4,781,000
NFL season avg	17.1		AFL season avg	7.4	4,262,000
Kentucky Derby	15.3	7,619,000	U.S. Open playoff	7.0	3,486,000

© 1962 1963 A C Nielsen Co



LET'S NOT SPOIL THEIR SPORT

by ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE

The winner of two Olympic gold medals in 1952 and famed as the world's best woman skier, Mrs Lawrence speaks with singular authority on what makes a successful athlete. Now the mother of five children herself, she warns parents that emphasis on finishing first is depriving youngsters of some of the richest rewards of skiing

If you think of a recreation skier at the start of a marvelous day, the image that comes to mind is likely to be a familiar one—the temperature just right, the sun up for two hours or so, the trees brilliant white under a new snowfall and a whole wide slope of powder stretching out ahead. But if someone stood beside this hypothetical recreation seeker on this perfect slope and told him over and over that he must do this, or do that, or do something else, because otherwise he would not get the most out of his skiing, one main ingredient in the magic of his world would disappear. He would very likely ski better, but regardless of whether he did or did not, a certain amount of the pleasure and satisfaction that would otherwise have been his would now have been taken away.

To a greater extent than is generally recognized, some such hard-sell philosophy of ski training for competitors has become the fashion in this country—and scarcely a voice has been raised against it. For example, it was authoritatively stated recently that the rigorous training that our present Olympic skiers followed "must be copied by each organized racing program everywhere." And what did the training program of the American Olympic team include? Well, on the physical side, there was a daily regimen of fire-course running, high-speed rope jumping, bar workouts, a long mountain hike, wind sprints, full-speed foot races up steep embankments and group exercises with intricate steps—twists, straddles and stomps—performed by the entire troupe with all the precision of ballet dancers. The purpose of this "exhaustion technique," as it is called, is to force the racer to push himself on after he thinks he is exhausted, to show him that he is really able to do more than he thought he could do.

The only questions that interest the present-day theoreticians of the sport are those involved in getting the racer into the starting gate, down the slope and across the finish line as a winner. This is the goal of all the planning and all the training. It is the dominant philosophy in ski competition right now and it could hardly be simpler: win, win, win. The most serious aspect of this is that this hard sell is by no means limited to top-level competition. The same attitude is found in school and club competition—programs that involve thousands and thousands of youngsters from 7 to 17 years old, youngsters who are not ready to face this kind of physical and emotional test.

This new attitude represents a great change in American competitive skiing, and I think it is at least worth wondering for a moment whether or not the change is for the best.

Whatever else American ski racing may have been in the past, it was above all spontaneous. You raced because you loved it, and whatever you achieved came from within yourself. Perhaps because there were so few American skiers—and so little attention was given the meets that were held—a young beginner usually found himself in an atmosphere of casual goodwill with his elders right from the start. Often his elders knew no more about skiing than he did. But now the training of a typical junior team is a matter of barked commands, learning by rote and doing the same thing over and over. And too often you find youngsters coming off the slopes with their eyes glazed with weariness and a sense of inadequacy after the sort of afternoon that, under different training circumstances, could have been among the most exhilarating of their youth.

Winning is one of the pleasures of skiing, as it is of all sports, but there is a

continued

MARGARET DURRANCE

Sensing the slippery hazards of learning the game, 3-year-old Quentin Andree needs all the support that parents David and Andree can offer

subtle difference about winning a ski race that separates it from most of the competitive efforts of mankind. The act of winning *itself*—even an Olympic medal—is incredibly brief. It takes only a few seconds, the briefest possible fragment of one's lifetime and an appallingly short period to be set as the goal of all one's efforts. But, according to the hard-sell philosophy, all training, mental and physical, must be directed toward it.

Even the most vehement advocate of the hard sell would not argue that the winning instant is the whole of the victor's winning experience. There have been millions of split-second efforts, moves and decisions before it. The win is merely the culmination of many flying hours, or of so many racing days and months and years, concentrated at a point that sums up the individual's character and mastery of ski technique. The theoreticians of the hard sell say that all those past experiences must be directed to one end—winning.

It is at this point that I strongly disagree. I feel that all the past experiences have their own intrinsic value, that their significance is not contingent on their leading to victory. Those experiences represent moments of elation, hours of exhilaration, days of release and relaxation, the joy of discovery and the thrill of competition. They also involve, for that matter, leaden days of sluggish performance when nothing goes right, periods of hopelessness when one gives up the whole business and the astonishing rediscovery of pleasure when all goes well again. Those past experiences have not only made the skier a winner, they have been woven into the very fabric of his consciousness, making him what he is—and will become—not only as a performer but as a person. Thus what seems to me to be vitally important is to get the skier into the starting gate—yes—and through the finish, and then out into the world with all that has gone before serving as a meaningful part of his daily existence. This does not happen if all you do is ski to win.

Along with the tremendous increase in popular interest in skiing during the past few years there has been a proliferation of ski literature defining and refining what the skier must do. Experts are everywhere. Competition is tougher. Equipment is better. All such changes have created a condition in which the ski expert flourishes. And because the level of competitive performance is improved, the experts' theories seem to be justified. But I wonder if cause and effect have not become a little confused here. There is an absolute necessity for a competitive skier to be in top physical condition—no one could argue otherwise. The question is how he is to be given his physical training. In the case of training at the junior level, it is a question of what is to be done to make him want to receive it. The exhaustion technique is just what its name implies, a matter of forcing the skier to push himself beyond his known endurance. Now, if you can instill in the individual the *desire* to do this for himself, without the authoritative voice ordering him to do this or that, he will achieve the same end, but he will have done it for himself. It is the forcing that is wrong and potentially dangerous. Encouraging an individual's desire, instead of compelling him to a predetermined condition, will make him just as good a competitor, and yet will *let him retain his own zest for the sport*.

The danger, obviously, is that we may be depriving the individual of his own urge for accomplishment. I believe, in fact, that we are cheating today's young skiers of one of the greatest rewards of competition: the thrill of self-discovery. I remember a race at Lake Placid in the early '40s. I was 10 or 11, but I was racing in a senior girls' event. In those days we drove from our home in Vermont to Lake Placid on Friday afternoon, unbundled ourselves and climbed up the course in preparation for Saturday's race. On the way up I made my first conscious effort to analyze myself, and I acquired my first self-knowledge. There was a steep, steep hill, which you climbed. You approached the hill from a relatively flat piece of country, and then, above the flat, and a little above the lip of the steep hill, was an island of trees. No matter how you looked at it, you had to go down the steep pitch. I knew where I wanted to be on the steep pitch. I knew where I wanted to be when I got off it, and I could see where I wanted to come into it. But then as I climbed higher, I found I could no longer see the steepness. Climbing up I could see it, but at the crest, looking down, the face fell away and the steepness disappeared before my eyes. In other words, I would not be able to see the lip of the pitch. But I knew it was there. And I knew I would now have to make myself go over something that I could not see, regardless of whatever hesitancy I might feel at the moment. I suddenly thought that the only thing that stops you from doing what you know you should do is lack of confidence, a certain disbelief that you can do it. I knew I had to make up my mind to come into this steep pitch with good speed and force myself to go over it even though I could not see it ahead of me. I would have to remember that I had seen it once on foot and that I knew it was there. I said to myself, "Look, this is where you are going to go over this thing and this is how you are going to go over it." In the race the next day I came down full-bore out, flashing past the trees and into the steep pitch with nary a thought of checking. I was young and dumb and happy and as pleased as punch with myself as I went yodeling down the hill.

My point is that the important thing about this experience is what I discovered for myself. It meant something to me, *just as a recreation skier's ideal day* on the slopes means something to him because he has found it himself. I do not mean that it was important because it helped me discover how to win. In fact, it didn't. I have lost so many more races than I have won that it is pathetic—there were hundreds lost before I won any. I lost this race at Lake Placid. But I was so pleased with myself for having solved the problem that I waved to my mother as I skied past her.

The new theory of psychological training for downhill racing is now explicit. It says that "A racer must just continue to run nonstop downhill until he has conquered the course mentally through sheer repetition and familiarity." But I wonder about this. No one is ever going to know everything in a ski race so well that the unexpected is not going to happen. Developing the reflexes to meet those variables gives ski racing its unique quality. Even in the most familiar downhill event, where you have to learn by rote to a certain extent—you have to acquaint yourself with the speed of the trail and snow conditions and so on—you are always going to face unknowns, and the question is how alertly you can meet them. Familiarity breeds contempt. If I feel I have gotten to know something too well, it means I have lost my freshness of feeling about it, and my anticipation of what is to come. And that freshness of feeling and sense of anticipation

help to nerve one to meet the unexpected when it arrives.

Did I have a good competitive attitude? Well, maybe not by today's standards. But I enjoy remembering scooting down the Taft Trail in the 1946 U.S. Championships at Franconia, giving it everything I had with a sort of happy foolishness combined with the elemental seriousness of a great occasion in my life. My attitude toward racing, apart from the joy of competing, was simply a desire to do as well as possible. It was a natural and uncomplicated desire, and the physical effort was not a conscious one. This attitude took me through countless races and three Olympics.

Finally, setbacks and disappointments have their own contribution to make toward rounding a young skier's personality, and they do make a contribution if they are not submerged in so much psychological shock at defeat that they cannot be properly appreciated. One of the most memorable events of my life was the downhill race in the 1948 Olympics in St. Moritz. The course was wonderful, fine rolling terrain with wide turns and no trees. I was doing well as I approached the finish, where you had to make a turn at the bottom of a little gully, then scurry around and come back up at an angle to a side-hill traverse before pitching down toward the finish line. When I hit the pitch I was going at a speed faster than anyone with any brains would have maintained, and I flew off into the horizon, rolling and rolling into great hanks of snow. By the time I picked myself up and got back on the course I was, if not last, the next thing to it. I was not hurt, though I felt a little foolish. And, in fact, despite the record that stands there imperishably in the books—I finished 35th—it was also great fun and I had a fine time doing it. My time before the catastrophe would probably have put me in first place—the winner of a gold medal. But, at 15, I should not have had a gold medal. I was too young, and I did not know enough. I would not have been able to cope with what I had done, or even known why I could not cope. It was, in the last analysis, a good thing that I fell.

In short, that fraction of a second that is decisive in determining whether or not you win an Olympic medal is too brief a period to shape all one's skiing experience. The medal winners are going to be few, no matter what philosophy of competition is followed. What I urge is that we be mindful of the hazards of the hard sell, that we be sure that in placing all the emphasis on winning we do not lose something more important—the endless interest and variety and pleasure of sport. I would beseech the parents of today's thousands of young skiers to understand that the experience of skiing does not end at the finish line. We must not follow a philosophy of sport—or of anything else—that prepares us for winning but leaves us unprepared for all the rest of life. **END**

Her enormous zest, reflected here just before the 1948 Olympics, led Andrea to be considered the embodiment of the competitive spirit



THE MAN WHO CHANGED FOOTBALL

The return of the two-platoon game pleased Fritz Crisler of Michigan, who invented it. Now he has more changes in mind for a college sport he has influenced profoundly ***by GERALD HOLLAND***

When the NCAA Rules Committee voted a return to two-platoon football last month, one of the least surprised men in the country—and one of the most pleased—was Fritz Crisler, athletic director of the University of Michigan. Crisler is a life member of the Rules Committee. Seldom celebrated in headlines as a mover and shaker in college football circles, he has, in his quiet, behind-the-scenes way, exerted a profound influence on the game. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where the deep thinkers of the committee saw the error of their ways and came, at last, almost full circle to the free-substitution rule of the late '40s, in the background, as insistent as ever, was the voice of Fritz Crisler.

Crisler has always been thinking a little ahead of his colleagues. He urged the adoption of the first unlimited-substitution rule as a wartime measure in 1941. He had been the first to suggest the conversion option that gave a team the choice of kicking for one point after a touchdown or running or passing for two. He had championed wider goal posts to encourage more tries for field goals.

Some little time before leaving Ann Arbor for this year's rules meeting, Crisler had gone on record as favoring the

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return to unlimited substitution. He had gone on record with some other ideas in response to a suggestion that he observe his 25th anniversary at Michigan (and his 65th birthday) by taking a look back over the years and into the future of the game to which he has devoted his life.

I met Crisler in his ground-floor office in the Michigan athletic administration building. He stood near his desk, tall, broad of shoulder, trim of waist. When he walked to a window and back again, as he occasionally did, he was quick and sure in every movement. His eyes were clear and cool, his face unsmiling, as he considered how he would begin.

Behind him was one of the greatest coaching careers in the history of college football. He had started as an assistant to the incomparable Amos Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago; he had moved on his own to Minnesota, Princeton and Michigan. As head coach, he had a lifetime record of 116 victories, 32 defeats, nine ties. His magnificent 1947 team had gone through the season undefeated and then had scored a 49–0 victory over Southern California in the Rose Bowl. It was the last team he coached before he retired, as Coach of the Year, to devote all his time to the athletic directorship, a new career during which Michigan Stadium was twice expanded, until it became the largest college-owned bowl in the country, with a seating capacity of 101,001.

He sat down at his desk, leaned forward and rested his elbows on it. "Now," he said, "about the substitution rule. Let's go back and review the circumstances that made platooning possible. World War II had created a tremendous drain on manpower, and in the 1941 meeting of the Football Rules Committee many people felt that football schedules should be scrapped entirely. But the services urged that the colleges continue all athletic programs as best they could, pointing to their importance in conditioning the boys who would eventually be called up and to the morale and leadership factors involved.

"With this directive from the services, the Rules Committee met to ponder the question—the staggering question—of how we were to continue with our ranks so depleted. I attended that meeting in my capacity as president of the American Football Coaches Association, along with Matty Bell of Southern Methodist, who was to succeed me in that office. We had no vote, but we could have the floor at any time and state our views.

"Since the problem was obviously a matter of depth, Matty and I came to the conclusion that the answer might be found in a relaxation of the substitution rule. The rule at the time said that if a boy started a quarter and was taken out he could not return to the game during the same quarter. So if you had only a limited number of men, a narrow bench, and you had to make substitutions for reasons of injury or fatigue, and one thing and another, you might very well run out of men altogether. But if a boy—with a minor injury or the wind knocked out of him—could be taken out and returned as soon as he was able to play again, why, that would be most helpful. The Rules Committee found the answer in three little words. Instead of having the rule say that a substitute could enter the game only once in a quarter, the committee approved a rule permitting a substitute to enter the game 'at any time.' Just those three little words."

And those three little words made platooning possible?

Actually," said Crisler, "they did. But at the time our concern was for the single boy. We were thinking of the single boy who might have to be taken out briefly. We wanted to be able to put this boy back in the game as soon as he was ready and needed. I don't think anybody at the 1941 meeting of the Rules Committee visualized platooning as it was later developed."

What made him decide to go to platooning in 1945?

"Sheer necessity. You see, almost all colleges were playing freshmen at the time, because the older boys were in the service. Now, before the Michigan-Army game I figured that I would have to start nine freshmen against Red Blaik's great Blanchard-Davis team. By comparison with Michigan, Army had a team of mature men. I asked myself, 'How are our poor, spindly-legged freshmen going to stand up against these West Pointers all afternoon?' I knew I would have to spell them off during the game. So I picked our best defensive men and said, 'When we lose the ball, you fellows automatically go in.' Then I got my best offensive men and ball handlers together and said, 'When we regain possession, you fellows automatically go in.' As it turned out, I only platooned the lines, and the linebackers on defense. We lost the game 28–7, but it should have been much, much worse.

"I remember very well that after the game my telephone rang constantly. Coaches were asking me, 'What's it all about? What are you up to?' A few coaches tried platooning that very season, next year Army went to it and practically everybody else followed suit."

By 1953, did he consider that platooning had gone too far? Did he lead the move to kill it entirely?

"No, I did not lead it," said Crisler. "That's an erroneous thing. The fact is that as chairman of the Rules Committee in 1953 I had two concerns. One, 50 colleges had given up football in 1952, on the ground that they could not afford the cost of recruiting so many men. Two, I had been getting protests from young men who had gone into coaching. They told me they knew how to coach only one kind of football—offensive or defensive. One young man said, 'I don't know what to do on offense because I never played it.'

"So, taking these two points into consideration, I went into the meeting feeling that we should not go any further in relaxing the substitution rule. As a matter of fact, there was only one further step you could take and that would be to permit free and unlimited substitution any time, the clock running or the clock dead, as in the professional game. I felt that we should either hold the line or tighten up a bit. But then, to my utter amazement, there was a strong sentiment in favor of going back all the way, essentially to the rule as it was before 1941. This body of opinion was led by General Bob Neyland of Tennessee. He felt most strongly about it. He thought the game was being hurt. He was most sincere, I am sure, in his conviction. I took the position that since we had evolved by steps, we should go back by steps. For one thing, we had all these coaches who had not played under the old rules. But, strangely enough, the committee went all the way with General Neyland and those who shared his opinion. The free-substitution rule was killed, and the platoon with it."

What did Fritz Crisler think the Rules Committee should do about the substitution rule this year? On the eve of the annual meeting, he leaned back and thought a moment.

continued

"Of course, as a life member of the committee I have no vote. But I might say that I think the 1946 rule was a very good rule. I think there might be real merit in considering a return to that rule. Period."

(The 1946 rule permitted free and unlimited substitution whenever the clock was dead for any reason. It also put a limit on time-outs. The recently adopted new rule permits unlimited substitution with one restriction: a team must sacrifice a time-out when it sends in a platoon during the progress of a period when the clock is running. Coaches say that this restriction will mean that they will have to continue development of some "two-way, multitalented" players rather than depend entirely on offensive and defensive specialists.)

Crisler did not agree with people who believe the college and professional games should be exactly the same. "There are a number of differences between the college and professional games. In addition to the substitution rules, there are also the width and position of the goal posts and, in the NFL, the try for points after touchdowns. Obviously there are differences in the ages, the weights and the quality of players. Oh, there are many areas of difference, and I am not disturbed, because there should be a professional image of the game and a collegiate image of the game. No reason why they should be the same.

"As for the college game, I would like to see a lot of different formations and a wide variety of plays. The great difficulty is that, with the exchange of game films and the vast exposure of games on television, it's difficult for a coach to be inventive and hold on to whatever it is that he has developed. For instance, when Don Faurot developed the split T at the University of Missouri he was widely copied. Bud Wilkinson developed it with great success at Oklahoma. Then the little variations came in, with split end and slot back and so on. Today we have a climate, an atmosphere, of copying rather than inventing. Of course, with all the recruiting they have to do, coaches just don't have time to be as inventive as they were before television came in and the exchange of game films began."

He was silent. In a moment he went on: "I remember the old plays. The hurry-up huddle, the sideline and talking plays. The sleeper." He smiled. "Our defense against the sleeper was rather celebrated. The sleeper was banned by the Rules Committee, but when the play was legal a man could hide out over where there were substitutes standing or where there was a crowd on the sidelines. You would tell your halfbacks, 'Scan your sides of the field after every play to look for that sleeper.' You would say to your safety, 'You scan both sides.' Despite their vigilance, the boys would frequently miss a sleeper hiding out. Finally we thought of adding a bugler to our defense."

A bugler? The kind of bugler who blows a horn?

"That kind of bugler. We would put a bugler up on top of the press box with instructions to watch for that sleeper, and when he spotted one to blast out reveille with all the fervor and wind that was in him. It worked, but we could only use him at home games. There was a limit on the number of men we could take on a trip. One time we went to Illinois, and Zup [Coach Bob Zuppke] laid a sleeper out there and beat us with the play. If we had had our bugler I don't think Zup would have beat us."

The scene shifted to the den in Crisler's home. The walls were filled with photographs of his teams at Minnesota, Princeton and Michigan. There were several photographs and sketches of "the Old Man," as Crisler affectionately refers to Amos Alonzo Stagg, his patron at the University of Chicago, now in Stockton, Calif. in his 101st year.

Crisler's eyes lingered on the pictures of Stagg.

"It is a strange feeling," he said quietly, "to look back and see where some trivial incident changed the whole course of your life."

He sat back in his chair, the memories crowding in on him.

"I was born," he said, "on a farm in Earlville, a village about 70 miles west of Chicago. I was christened Herbert Orin Crisler. [Coach Stagg fastened the nickname of 'Fritz' on him after he had fumbled three times in a row. Stagg made the sarcastic point that there was a violinist, a great artist, who spelled his name Kreisler. He said he was naming Crisler Fritz because he bore absolutely no resemblance to Fritz Kreisler, the artist.] I was a skinny kid. I didn't weigh more than 100 pounds when I entered high school. I concentrated on my studies and, with an average of 93.4, I applied for an academic scholarship at the University of Chicago and I was awarded one on the basis of my scholastic record. I enrolled as a pre-med, and it was during my freshman year that this trifling incident occurred that changed the course of my life. Before the incident I have in mind I had stopped one day to watch football practice. A play headed in my direction. Mr. Stagg, back-pedaling away from the play, bumped into me and we both went down. As we picked ourselves up, he saw, by my cap, that I was a freshman and so he said, 'Why aren't you out for freshman football?' I had gained some weight by that time, but I told Mr. Stagg I had never played football. He said, 'You ought to be out anyway with the rest of your classmates.' So I reported next afternoon, got a uniform, and Pat Page, the freshman coach, put me in scrimmage. I took a terrible pounding. That evening I turned in my uniform. About 10 days later I was crossing the quadrangle and I saw Mr. Stagg coming along on his bicycle. I ducked my head, but he spotted me and stopped. He said, 'Weren't you out for football?' I said I had been, but I had quit because I didn't know anything about the game. I'll never forget the look of scorn Mr. Stagg gave me. 'Well,' he said, 'I never thought you'd be a quitter!' "

Crisler shook his head and smiled.

"Of course," he went on, "I said to myself, 'I'll show you.' I went back out the next day and I was off on an athletic career that brought me nine letters at Chicago. I was a pitcher in baseball, a standing guard in basketball, an end in football. But if the Old Man hadn't come riding by on his bike at that precise moment that day, I wouldn't be sitting here now with all these pictures and souvenirs and mementos on the walls."

The walls reflected a career that is the Great American Dream as it is cherished by young men who enter the profession of football coaching. Forced to drop out of medical school for lack of money, Crisler became Stagg's first assistant. At 25 he was offered the head coaching job at Minnesota. He asked his mentor for counsel, and Stagg said, "Fritz, you're not ready to fly." When Minnesota came after him again six years later and this time wanted him to be athletic director as well as head coach, the Old Man said, "Now you're ready to fly, Fritz. Go to



CRISLER RESTS A PATERNAL ARM ON THE SHOULDER OF FRED JANKE OF HIS 1938 TEAM

it." And go to it he did. At Minnesota, Crisler won 10, lost seven and tied one. When he moved to Princeton, as the first non-alumnus ever to coach in the Big Three, he ran up a record of 35-9-5. At Michigan, from 1938 to 1948, Crisler-coached teams won 71 games, lost 16 and tied three.

"In every move I made," said Crisler, "there was only one way you could go —up. Minnesota had had bad seasons. Princeton and Michigan as well."

He got up and looked at the photograph of his 1947 undefeated Michigan team, the 49–0 Rose Bowl victors.

"They were a marvelous bunch of kids. A coach gets a group like that every once in a lifetime. Some never get one. Greatest bunch of ball handlers I ever saw. The offensive line averaged only 188. Today they don't recruit tackles unless they weigh 230."

Was it true that the lighter teams were not as injury-prone as those of today?

"I don't know," said Crisler, "if that was because they were light or not. I am one who is concerned about the equipment we're using today. I have the feeling that it is contributing to injuries. The equipment was supposed to protect the wearer from injury, and now I'm wondering if it isn't causing injuries.

"I would like to see a rule on the subject of equipment—the face mask, the headgear, this unyielding armor we're putting these kids into. I've declared myself. I am convinced that we ought to take off the face mask and review the helmet. You see, you get the depth of this unyielding plastic in the back of the neck and you get this face mask out front. A blow of some sort underneath the mask can cause a whiplash in the back of the neck, in the area of the cervical vertebrae. A blow of this kind could be fatal. It has been fatal. There is also the danger that, with grasping the mask itself, you will get a sharp head rotation and a disabling injury.

"There is another serious point to be made in this same connection. The face mask and headgear are changing the mechanics of football, and blocking in particular. Now they're blocking with the head. The shoulder blocks and side body blocks are gradually disappearing. This use of the headgear as a weapon is called spearing. They have spearing drills. Some call it goring. Now, if you took the face mask off, it isn't likely that they would be able to do that sort of thing."

The 1964 Rules Committee meeting voted to make it a personal foul for a player to ram an opponent in the head, face or neck with his helmet or neck. Nothing was said about changing the helmet or removing the mask, as Crisler so strongly recommends. Was anything being done about that problem?

"There are a number of studies going on," said Crisler. "Here at Michigan, Bennie Oosterbaan [Michigan's famous All-America end and former coach] and I have been assisting Dr. Richard Schneider, a great neurosurgeon, by getting films together for his study of football fatalities. There is conclusive evidence that with today's helmet and face mask you get that whiplash I mentioned."

Without the face mask, wouldn't there be some teeth knocked out, some noses broken?

Crisler looked around the walls, his eyes lingering a moment on one of the portraits of Stagg.

"I would rather have that," he said quietly, "than to see a boy on a slab in the morgue."

Later on, Fritz Crisler conducted a tour of Michigan Stadium. Outside the great bowl there is a sign that reads simply, "Michigan Stadium. Capacity 101,001." Under Fielding Yost, whom Crisler succeeded as athletic director, the stadium's capacity was 79,000.

Crisler is obviously proud that the University of Michigan has the largest college-owned stadium in the U.S. He would not concede that it is his personal monument, although that is what many people consider it to be. One question that all Crisler's guests ask him is, "How did you arrive at a seating capacity of 101,001? Was it pure coincidence? Was there a reason for the additional seat?"

Crisler smiles at the question. "Let us put it this way. It makes a great conversation piece at cocktail parties."

That extra seat had no significance of any kind? It was not any special seat in any special spot?

"It has its spot," said Crisler. "And I am the only man who knows where that spot is."

And he would not tell?

Fritz Crisler leaned back against a goal post and gazed around the stadium and down the snow-covered field. He smiled and shook his head.

It was his secret. But anyone is entitled to guess, and one guess might be that somewhere in that vast stadium there is this one seat, and perhaps it is never sold. Perhaps it is reserved, now and forever, for someone who taught Fritz Crisler a way of coaching football and a way of life. For the Old Man, Amos Alonzo Stagg. **END**

A RACE CAN BE A CRUISE

PAINTINGS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

The point of a sailboat race is to get there; the point of a cruise, to have fun doing it. When icy winds whip the North Atlantic and seas slash at Fastnet Rock, these two ideals can be pretty far apart. But with any luck a sailor heading south on the long run from San Diego to Acapulco will find seas friendly enough to make a June-moon cruise of his hurried dash. The sailors who—like those pictured at right—are getting set this week at the San Diego Yacht Club for the start of the biennial race may run into gales and calms. They may, on the other hand, have as easy a time of it as those on the following pages.



Proudly displaying their badges of allegiance, San Diego's sail-happy kids look on enviously as the racing sailors leave.


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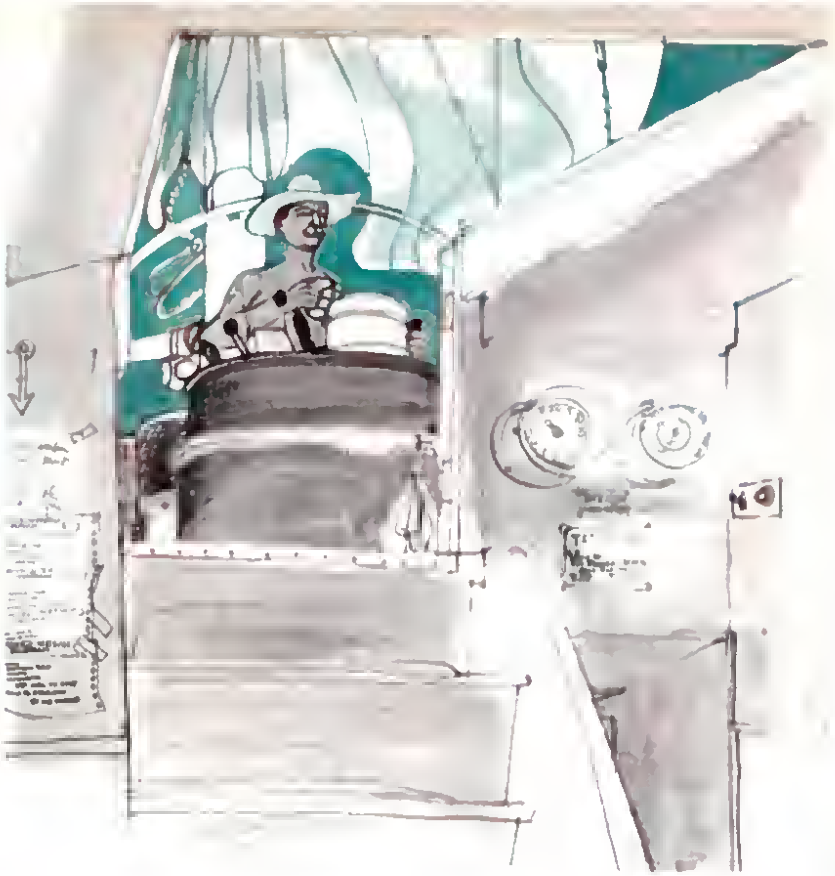
In an unhurried downwind start, the fleet's spinnakers blossom in a spectrum of slowly unfolding color. If the winds hold fair, as they may, most of the big chutes will stay flying during the whole race, giving the crews a chance to relax in shade as the southbound fleet heads for the finish line.





A wheel that will buck and kick when angry seas threaten to take charge can turn into an amiable footrest when the weather is right. At such times a helmsman can do some daydreaming and still keep the boat on course and limp sails reasonably trim. And up in the bow eyes





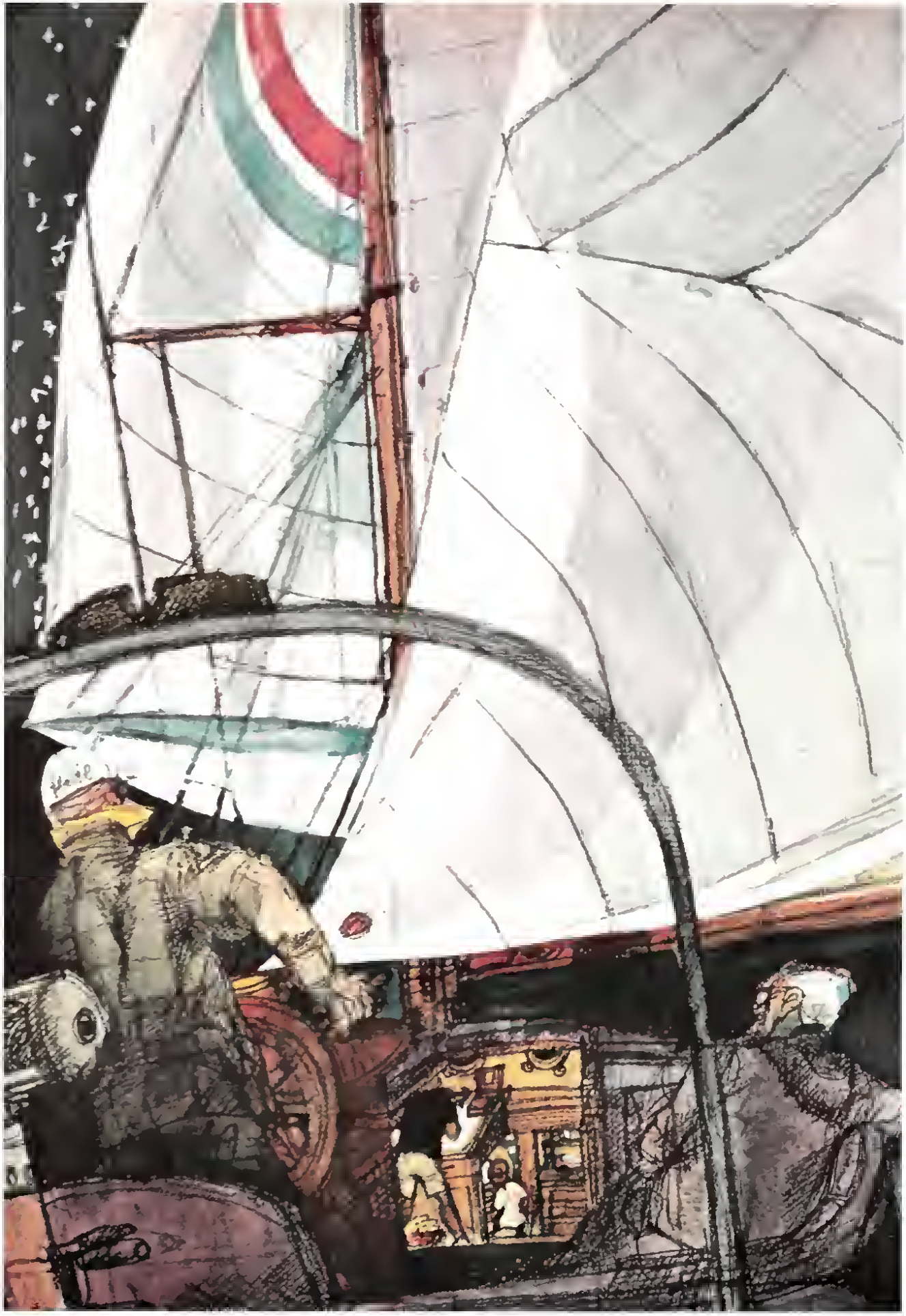


that might at other times be wearily peering for distant marks in a murky fog can rest instead on dolphins frolicking happily alongside



No matter what may happen at sea, at race's end sailors and landlubbers will gather on the Acapulco beach to celebrate victories and assuage defeats in a luau-like feast against a background of waving palms and boats swinging gently at anchor. Bartenders will keep busy for, rough or smooth, sailboat racing is thirsty work.





NEW BOAT SEEKS SPEED THROUGH LUXURY

The way Real Estate Man Jim Kilroy sees it, a pampered crew is an efficient crew. And to prove the point he has built 'Kialoa,' designed to win the forthcoming race by keeping its crewmen fat and happy BY HUGH WHALL

Of all the 16 yachts entered in this year's Acapulco race, the one most likely to provide genuine cruising comfort for her racing crew, regardless of weather, is John B. Kilroy's gleaming new 73-foot aluminum sloop *Kialoa II*. As a matter of fact, Jack Kilroy, a real-estate executive whose friends confusingly call him Jim, had his new boat specifically designed for that purpose. His earlier *Kialoa* had set a race record in the Acapulco and won many other races besides. Now he wanted a boat that would not only race well but be big enough to house his wife and five children in comfort and be easy for them to handle into the bargain.

It was no small order, but Yacht Designers Sparkman and Stephens together with a small task force of special technicians set out to fill it. To begin with, they drew plans for a hull not much different from many they had built before (*see next page*). *Kialoa*'s flush deck, broken only by a doghouse, her graceful sheer, nicely balanced bow and stern are all characteristic of Olin Stephens. But there the resemblance stops. For one thing, *Kialoa*, unlike any other sloop-rigged boat of her size, is built of aluminum. Why? "I wanted a boat that is a goer," says Jim Kilroy. "I wanted a boat that was within the capital outlay of a wooden boat. I wanted all of the creature comforts without lessening capacity to sail. And I wanted a boat that didn't leak." Aluminum, in Kilroy's estimation, answered all these requirements. Aluminum, he feels, holds its shape far better than wood, allowing rigging to be set up tighter without fear of altering the boat's contours, and its lightness has permitted Kilroy to pack his new hull with many extra gadgets and still end up with a lighter boat, despite a heavy ballast keel, than Stephens' comparably sized *Baruna*. The keel, in theory anyway, should carry *Kialoa* stiffly upwind in heavy airs, like Carry Nation approaching a bar from leeward.

Kilroy is not a man who stops halfway when he decides to do something. "I believe in having the traditional aspects of a boat. Keep them, by all means," he says. "But add some modern technology." Above all, he believes that a boat should be functional—and by functional Kilroy does not mean just workable, he means efficiently workable. He is quite willing, for instance, to suffer the jeers and jibes of the hair-shirt boys if an air conditioner will make his crew more effective. Therefore *Kialoa* is air-conditioned. Few ocean racers are air-conditioned, and those that are have conditioners that can be used only when the boat is tied up at a dock, near a power line. *Kialoa* suffers from no umbilical restriction. Her conditioning apparatus is patterned on the type installed in Caravelle jets, and it wafts cool air through *Kialoa* on shore or off.

Conditioning is not always enough. Sometimes it is better to change the air entirely. The atmosphere of an ocean racer's cabin after 10 or 12 mostly unwashed men have eaten, slept and breathed in it for more than a day or two is something short of refreshing. On *Kialoa* the flip of a switch will turn on a forced-draft system that will blow away a week's fug in an instant. Says Kilroy happily, "When the boat begins to smell like a sweatbox, that blower's going to be nice."

During the hot days of the southward run, *Kialoa*'s cabins will be bathed in a cool glow filtering through deck lights made of airplane windscreen material backed with a heat-insulating gold skin. At night the glow will come from lamps socketed in the aluminum housing for the air-conditioning duct. And, day or night, the lambent air will be lulled by a commercial hi-fi set that plays cartridged tapes instead of discs. Other ocean racers are equipped with canned music but none so nattily as *Kialoa*, whose owner had a dual purpose in providing it. "We're going to make a tape for the port watch and another for the starboard," he says, chuckling at the suggestion that subliminal intramural competition might be a new technique in racing strategy. "But seriously," he adds, conjuring up a fine vision of *Kialoa* making a *Blue Danube* out of Pacific swells or booming into head seas to a strident theme from *William Tell*, "I think it will make sailing offshore a lot more enjoyable."

In his plans for *Kialoa*, Kilroy has not forgotten that ocean-racing crews sail mostly on their stomachs. His ship's cook will have nearly every appliance needed for the practice of his art and perhaps one more: a so-called "radar range."

As its name implies, the range is an electronic device, but it does not search for food in the fog, it cooks it almost instantaneously. It can fry up a storm of eggs and bacon and never even scorch the paper plate they lie on. It makes coffee even quicker. Looking ahead to gales and big seas, when the usual fare aboard most ocean racers is nothing more appetizing than soggy peanut-butter sandwiches, Kilroy intends to offer hot TV dinners. Instead of having to juggle pots and pans full of scalding food *Kialoa*'s cook will be able to yank the dinners out of a freezer, stuff them in the range and serve them up in the best split-level tradition.

"I could never understand why boats that cost as much

continued

Homeward bound under a starry sky, the sailors face only one hazard now, the tempting aromas from the warm galley.

as many luxury houses have such antiquated heads," says Kilroy, turning his attention to the torture chamber that provides moments of horror in 98% of all cruising. His answer is toilets copied from those aboard new jetliners—electrically operated and free of snaking pipes and plumbing.

To many sailormen Kilroy's new boat may sound like a crackpotful of gadgets. She is anything but. "I don't want any Mickey Mouse designs on *Kialoa*," says Kilroy emphatically. What he wants is a boat that works. Communications between bow and stern on most boats of *Kialoa*'s length are nonexistent during a spinnaker jibe, when the wind whips critical orders clean away. *Kialoa* is fitted with an intercom that makes it possible for the foredeck man to whisper requests to the afterguard even in a howling gale. Special hatches, with their longest dimension athwartships instead of fore and aft, as is usual, allow sail to be hauled out and stuffed back below far faster than in other boats.

Kialoa's cockpit has received special treatment as well. The positions of winches, gauges and helm were carefully worked out for maximum comfort and minimum confusion. Winches for hauling other sheets were placed precisely where they would do the most good with the least elbow-banging.

Barient, the Tiffany's of winchmakers, built the coffee-grinder winches that haul in *Kialoa*'s huge genoas. They are refinements of those used aboard *Gretel* in the America's Cup matches and can be linked together or unlinked in a myriad combination of speeds and powers.

On any boat, especially a big one, the trickiest sail-handling job is jibing a spinnaker. Kilroy has fitted *Kialoa* with a new kind of single-ended spinnaker pole that allows the foredeck crew to stand at the base of the mast to handle lines instead of up forward. In the old method, a man had to sally to the bow's hitter limit to hook and unhook a cat's-cradle of lines, snaps and spars. He was always in dire peril of being garroted, of losing a finger, a hand or even an arm. *Kialoa*'s new system is not exclusive to her, nor is it the complete answer, but it does make jibing simpler, safer, quicker. Kenneth Watts, president of Yacht Dynamics, Inc., the California firm that built *Kialoa*, says, "It's going to have a great psychological effect on all ocean sailboat racing."

To make sure that all of the new ideas embodied in *Kialoa* really worked, Watts, Kilroy and their helpers put in hundreds of man-hours of labor. In the oversize Quonset hut where the boat was built they set up complete mock-ups of the cockpit, the galley and strategic deck areas. Expensive time-and-motion studies were made of virtually every operation. "This boat," says her owner, "is to be run and maintained like an airplane, with proper continuing technical manuals, initial-construction manuals, maintenance logs and periodic inspection controls."

The costs of running a boat like *Kialoa* are way out of line with those of running an airplane of comparable value, according to Kilroy, but he thinks he has an answer. "All components on *Kialoa* were studied for ease of removal," he explains, his fingers going snap, snap. "Boat maintenance gets expensive when you have to get a man to come down and work on a faulty part. He comes down, looks at the part, then says it has to go back to the shop, only the part is located in an inaccessible spot, and he spends hours disconnecting it. On *Kialoa* we've installed nearly everything in easy-to-get-at racks, and they can be removed in self-contained units in half an hour or so—like airplanes. The only thing that won't come out in a hurry," says Kilroy wistfully, "is the main engine. You might say that everything else on *Kialoa* is of the snap-in, snap-out type."

This is true even of the interior paneling. This was prebuilt in sections out of fiber glass backed with polyurethane, and clipped into place just like a jet's



NEWLY LAUNCHED "KIALOA," Jim Kilroy's [illegible] lies in the water at Harbor City, Calif., as a huge crane gently lowers her 93[illegible] into its step before anxious watchers

cabin. Each section can be unclipped quickly should repairs to wiring or plumbing be necessary.

Every Monday morning during the last four months of *Kialoa*'s construction in the hut at Harbor City, Calif. a board meeting of the nine experts in charge crammed into a small clapboard office a stretch of dust away. The gatherings began at 7:30 in the morning, because it suited the majority, although it meant that Kilroy, who sometimes commutes to work in his Cessna, had to leave his Newport Beach home near dawn. At the meetings problems were hashed over, plans laid. Kilroy took advice from his experts, listened, then gave negative or affirmative decisions quickly. Sometimes he was wrong, often he was right. When wrong he accepted correction; when he thought he was right he brooked no argument. He sometimes gave his experts hell, too, in a quiet, forceful sort of way. "What, if anything, has been done about the sandblasting?" he demanded with a hard stare one morning. "We'll get it done next week," said Johnny Cole, a chunky, cigar-mashing man with 36 years in the aircraft-building business who had never put together a boat of *Kialoa*'s dimensions before. "When next week?" said Kilroy. "Monday," answered Cole. "Saturday afternoon," said Kilroy, closing the discussion, "would be a good time."

It is characteristic of Kilroy that even the choice of rig on his new boat was predicated on efficiency of operation. Neither weight nor cost nor beauty was on his mind when he decided that *Kialoa* would not be a two-masted yawl or ketch but would be a single-masted sloop. "He wouldn't have a yawl if the rule [the Cruising Club of America's rating rule upon which handicaps are based] gave him the mizzen free," says Kenny Watts. One of Kilroy's theories is that a boat with two masts gives her skipper too many choices. He is constantly forced to decide whether to hoist one mizzen staysail or another, or whether to get along without any. Why, says this efficiency-minded racing yachtsman in effect, waste a lot of time deciding what sails to hoist on a two-masted boat when you could be winning the race with one?

Kilroy is planning to win this race, and if he does not set a race record with *Kialoa* it will not be for lack of forethought. On the other hand, if he fails, his crew will at least know that they have failed in comfort. **END**



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HERE COMES CHOLLY BOP DE BOP BOP

Unquestionably the most colorful basketball official in the game, Charley Eckman may also be the best. He regularly overrules the rule book to run the game on 'guts and judgment,' encouraging some players, bawling out others, yet earning the respect of all of them

by ***FRANK DEFORD***



A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in Frank's Den in Glen Burnie, Md. the other night when the door flew open and Charley Eckman hopped in. "Bo-de-hop-bop," and other things, Charley yelled to Corky behind the bar and to everyone in front of it. Charley knew everyone in the place. "Cholly," asked Dave Spangle, "do you always got to come on like Ganghusters?" "If I don't," Charley said, "people think I am sick. I walk into the bank or Robinson's Department Store, and if I ain't the boomer, people says, 'Cholly, what is wrong with you?' "

Making noise is just plain natural with Charley Eckman, and so is making friends. The latter is a little surprising, since Eckman is a basketball referee by trade and basketball referees are usually ranked as friendly types right up there with muggers. Eckman is the most colorful basketball official in the country, but the kicker is that he may also be the best. Acknowledgment of this has come in regular assignments to handle the finals of the NCAAs, the NIT and those of pro basketball's NBA.

Charley Eckman is so well-liked that in Anne Arundel County ("Innirunnie" to the natives), where Glen Burnie is situated, Charley is the second most popular man around. The most popular is State Senator Joe Alton, a Republican in what is strictly Democratic territory. Nobody can explain that one either. Alton used to

continued



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his wife

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Like most men, the fellow riding the bench has pretty definite opinions on what he buys in the way of neckties, fly rods—and cars. But right now he's having some second thoughts on just who talked whom into buying a new Corvair.

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Or so our bench warmer thought. Until he began counting his commuter tokens one day.

The point is that the same things he liked about the car—its spirit, the ease with which it turns and parks, the way it grips on ice, mud and snow—his wife liked too. Maybe even more so.

Matter of fact, it's sometimes occurred to us that if we built a car for women only we probably couldn't make it more to their liking than this one. Couple of us married fellows were talking about that at the bus stop just the other day. . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.*

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be sheriff of Innurunnie, and Charley figured he was the logical successor. "It's a yo-yo job," says Charley. "The *po*-lice do all the work. You just get some deputies and guard the jail." So Charley decided if he was elected sheriff he would leave the jail to the cops and get a white horse and ride up and down Ritchie Highway, the main drag, checking things out. He would have done it, too, but he ended up running for the House of Delegates instead. He was not on any ticket, and he ran out. In nearby Brooklyn Park, where Eckman is not quite so popular, the wise guys are still joking about how Cholly Eckman's lever on the voting machine was jammed. "A lotta things go on in Innurunnie," Charley says.

Glen Burnie is only Charley's adopted home, he comes from southwest Baltimore and an area affectionately known as Pig Town. Even today Innurunnie is really just a temporary home, for when winter arrives Eckman hits the road. One of the few remaining nomad referees, he seldom works a game anywhere near Glen Burnie. February has 29 days this year and even after turning down several engagements Eckman will still work 19 dates, only twice back-to-back in the same city. Because the pay is higher ($80 plus expenses), he works mostly in the South, getting to Philadelphia and New York occasionally. He drives, trains and even planes a Tobacco Road itinerary that gives him a day or a night in a town but seldom the luxury of a day *and* a night in the same place. Usually he arrives just long enough before a game to shave and nap.

Eckman has a thing about shaving. He sometimes will shave merely because he has nothing else to do. Naps are also essential. "Before that good shave, I get in my pajamas and stretch out," he says. "And after a little of that, then I'm ready for the snake pit and all the screaming yo-yos. Most towns are the same. Greenville, S.C. is the best place to ref in the world; they treat referees like human beings there. But everywhere, they all play that *Dixie*. 'I wisht I was in Dixie,' the one side will scream—and here they are, both sides from North Carolina or South Carolina—and they go crazy if the other bunch starts singing it, too, like *they* are from China or someplace."

Though he is only 5 feet 9, Eckman is not lost among the court giants. Waddling backward and forward with equal agility, his rump out, his arms at the ready for a call, he is notably visible. A whistle is tucked into the right side of his mouth—the place where a cigar nestles the rest of the time—and is held there firmly by what he calls his game teeth. Game teeth are to be distinguished from "loving teeth," which are larger. Somebody, sadly, stole Charley's loving teeth in Milwaukee.

Eckman looks like Jack Palance, the bad guy in the movies, only Charley has a high-pitched laugh and smiles most of the time when he is supposed to be tough, so there goes that image. He does not blow a long whistle, but drops it quickly from his mouth so he can shout and gesture with more facility. For a TV game he gives it "a little more of the old federal case," but he never becomes a complete ham, as so many officials do. Eckman calls one of his associates "Wagon Train," because when the camera is on "he is always trying to circle me."

What really distinguishes Eckman is his perspective: an operating theory that officiating is 90% guts and judgment and no more than 2% rule book. Moreover, he has the quaint notion that the game was meant to be pleasurable. On

continued



WITH EASYGOING CHOLLY, LAUGHING AND MAKING FRIENDS COME NATURALLY

court, his good nature renders him impartial as he settles the players down, jokes with them ("you don't shoot well enough to argue with me," he will inform a protester, and what can the kid do but grin also and relax), tries to keep them from making unnecessary fouls ("watch the elbow . . . ease up . . . lemme see some daylight"). He treats players as equals, rather than intimidating them as so many tough-guy referees think they must do. Eckman goes by the precept that firmness and courtesy can work together. Recently a South Carolina player collapsed at Eckman's feet after a full-court play. "Tired?" asked Eckman. "Cholly, I'm beat," the kid said. "Well, just lay there awhile," Eckman said. "I got the ball, and you got to throw it in to start play, so ain't nobody going nowhere without us."

Two weeks ago, on a typically grueling four-hours-and-back drive from Glen Burnie to Williamsburg, Va., Eckman handled the VPI-William & Mary game ("the VPIs vs. the Williams and Marys" in Eckman parlance). Early in the game Martin Morris of W&M faked his man out for a pretty basket. Eckman remembered, and much later, when Morris was at the foul line and looked tense, Eckman handed him the ball and said: "Martin, that was a beautiful move back there. Now you're playing good, so don't start fighting yourself again." Morris sank both fouls. Later Morris complained to Charley about a call, but after the game, which VPI won, he made a point of going to the referees' room to congratulate Eckman and Louis Bello, the other official, on a good job. This is routine for Eckman. Frank Alvis of VPI had already sought out Eckman to congratulate him.

"All my life," said Charley Eckman, on the long drive back to Glen Burnie, "I've been helping college men to develop. They come by to see me, years later, to see me as a man. So what! So because I don't have a diploma, because I just went through high school, I don't qualify for this job or that job. I got to ref. Some yo-yo comes bop-de-bop-bop out of college and right away he's making two bills a week, and he ain't about to break his neck driving all over icy roads for this. I got to have an operation on my leg after the season. Thrombosis. That's a clot in the vein. If it don't move I don't die. But if I have to stop officiating, where am I?—3,000 games and 25 years, and that's it. No pension, no nothing.

"Either I am a nut, or this is the greatest game in the world. It has to be to go on like this, all the things wrong with it." Most wrong, Eckman thinks, is the system of selecting referees, whereby a coach can blackball any referee assigned to his home game by the supervisor of officials. This is accepted in every section of the country and is based on approximately the same rationale that Al Capone used when he was sorting out the Cicero police department. It explains why so many officials, who only work close to home, become "homers"—subconsciously or otherwise.

Eckman started officiating at age 17 for $1.50 a game (and sometimes six games a day) at places like Cross Street Hall and Fourteen Holy Martyrs Church in Pig Town. Refereeing has never been his whole life, though, because it simply does not pay enough to sustain a man with a wife, three daughters and a son. (Barry, the oldest, will get his diploma this June from the University of Baltimore.) Eckman helps pay the bills with public relations work and as a much sought-after banquet speaker. In the past, his most famous other job came when NBA Referee Eckman was suddenly made NBA coach—of the Fort Wayne Pistons. During three full seasons he led the team to two divisional championships and was once named Coach of the Year. He has also played minor-league baseball, umpired minor-league baseball, scouted, dispatched buses, run a pool hall, been a recreation director, a tax investigator ("that's a beauty, ain't it?—referee, umpire and collect taxes in the same year?"), a columnist, a sports commentator, a deputy sheriff and a full-fledged judge of the Innurunnie Orphans' Court.

The last was a political plum from Maryland Governor Millard Tawes and was supposedly an interim appointment until Eckman would become Secretary of the Racing Commission—which he had been more or less supporting over the years, anyway, at the mutuel windows. When the commission job went to someone else, Eckman called the governor "a doublecrosser," and handed in his robes. As judge, though, Eckman had left his mark. He is, graciously by



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his own admission, "not a grammarian," but he was never at a loss when a lawyer was foolish enough to start using legal terminology that the Judge was not exactly up on. Judge Eckman simply recessed the court, retired to his chambers, called a lawyer friend who filled him in, and returned to his court. His most heralded verdict, in the tradition of Solomon, concerned a particular will ("Orphans' Court ain't orphans," explains Charley: "it is all about wills") being contested by three siblings: two sons who had done no more for their deceased father than take him for a drive occasionally, and one daughter, who had attended the old man faithfully. Arguments over, Judge Eckman banged his gavel. "You get it all," he told the daughter. "I object," screamed one of the sons. "The law says I should get one-third."

"All right," replied Judge Eckman coolly. "You will. You get one-third of what she don't want. Case closed."

Eckman's bluntness is no act. He is almost pathological on the subject of phonies. Most of them he lumps with the yo-yos. (A yo-yo is "a guy who goes up and down but don't go nowhere.") Eckman himself is honest, even when he knows his big mouth is going to get him into more trouble. For all his fame as an athletic celebrity—which most people in Innurunnie are hardly aware of—Eckman's closest friends remain old Pig Towners or Glen Burnie neighbors. But wherever it may be, he is either laughed at for all his brashness and noise or loved for it.

"Look, I'm in a liars' game," he says. "Ball goes out of bounds, you call blue or red and you can only be right or wrong. You make that decision, you bop it out so loud every yo-yo in the place can hear it, and if you do blow one—we all do sometimes—you grab that ball and you run down that court smiling, bop-de-hop-bop. And that just ain't in basketball. That's the way I am. I met my wife Wilma—Wilma, like in *Buck Rogers*—I met her on a Tuesday, married her on a Friday and had to borrow $7.50 from her to get her back to Baltimore, and we've been married 22 years. All my life people either loved me right away or they never did. All except the players. I don't believe there is a player that don't like me."

Even the yo-yos know Cholly Eckman is a player's referee. **END**

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What made chain-smoking, steady-handed **Arnold Palmer**'s performance at San Francisco last Thursday (five birdies to climb into an early first-round lead at the Lucky International) even more remarkable was that he had given up smoking cigarettes the night before.

Of all the skiers at Innsbruck this week, one of the least likely to win a gold medal, or even a bronze one, is a 27-year-old member of the Iranian team and spiritual leader of some 20 million Ismaili Moslems. But His Highness the **Aga Khan**, who was 36th in the world championship in Chamonix in 1962, is far from disheartened. "I participate," he says, "because I like skiing."

The rippling back muscles belonged to YMCA gym instructor Bill Floyd, the pained expression in the seeming mirror image opposite (*below*) to Teamster Boss **James R. Hoffa**, who was keeping fit under Floyd's tutelage while a Chattanooga jury pondered the weight of his evidence.

Ike's putting green may soon be reactivated along with the neglected White House tennis court if **Lynda Bird Johnson**'s new roommate is given her head. "She's an energetic girl," says the father of **Warrie Lynn Smith**, the Texas coed who has come to Washington to live at the White House and attend George Washington University with the President's daughter, "and she loves swimming, golf and tennis."

There must be something about being an executive that goes straight to the waistline. "Where can I get a steam bath around here?" demanded Vice-President **Stanley Musial** of the St. Louis Cardinals as he arrived in Syracuse a full five pounds overweight to attend still another banquet.



Was it just the eating that did it? Could be, but then **Sandy Koufax**, a plain working stiff with no fancier title than Most Valuable Player, hit the same banquet circuit just as hard and he *lost* five pounds.

Recalling for millions of British voters that cliché of news photography, a Conservative Prime Minister sitting straddle-legged on a shooting stick, pipe-smoking Labor Leader **Harold Wilson** said the time had come to "sweep away the grouse-moor conception of Tory leadership." Whereupon London's Conservative *Daily Express* investigated the hobbies of Wilson's Socialist colleagues and found they included golf, photography, camping, walking, tennis and gardening. As for grouse-moor photography, said Tory **Quintin Hogg**, who was more than once snapped bathing on wintry beaches when his name was Lord Hailsham. "I am not sure that this is any sillier than getting yourself photographed sitting on a bollard in the Scilly Isles and smoking a pipe."

For once an oldtimer was willing to admit that perhaps things were not necessarily better in his day. Dropping in on Washington to pay his respects to a U.S. President for the first time since he shook hands with Calvin Coolidge in 1925, 66-year-old **Paavo Nurmi** said that in the '20s long-distance runners spent hours and hours walking to keep in trim. "It was a waste of time," said the Flying Finn.

Suddenly losing both speech and temper in a flash-fire argument at his restaurant with former Heavyweight Champion **Gene Tunney**, the sports world's most famous fat man, **Toots Shor**, rose belligerently to his feet, ostensibly to do battle. A self-appointed peacemaker, retired Air Force General **Emmett (Rosie) O'Donnell**, sought to avert bloodshed by pinning Toots's arms to his side, but the truculent restaurateur quickly set him straight. "Don't hold me Rosie," he said with eminent practicality. "Hold Tunney."

The hazards of skiing are not all on the slopes, according to Pennsylvania's First Lady. On her way to a ski vacation in Europe, **Mrs. William Scranton**, a snow bunny from childhood, told of the difficulties she encountered teaching her four children to ski. "It was fascinating," she said, "trying to get all the parkas on and all the runny noses wiped and all the skis adjusted at the same time."

"If you see a handsome southpaw who swings like a rocking chair and hits a three-wood from the tee with a little educated slice, don't be deceived," wrote the *New York Times*' **James (Scotty) Reston** on the resignation of the director of the U.S. Information Service. "Ed **Murrow** is the shrewdest first-tee negotiator in the country and the best left-handed putter in Christendom. Everywhere else in the world he's a gentleman, but on a golf course he's a scoundrel."

The world's fastest woman will have to make her Olympic contribution this year in the form of a promissory note. In June, when the other U.S. track stars are training their hardest, **Wilma Rudolph** Eldridge will be giving birth to a track star of the future.



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Rallying fast, Paddy's wagon beat them all

After a cold start in Minsk, Paddy Hopkirk, an Irishman from Belfast, got hot in the Alps. Defying Iron Curtain border guards, Fords, SAABs, good weather and the experts, he drove impeccably to win the Monte Carlo

When all goes well in the Monte Carlo, Europe's most famous automobile rally, almost nobody finishes. Last year went beautifully, and rally organizers rubbed their hands in glee. Snowbanks 16 feet deep blocked everyone unfortunate enough to have started in Athens. Of 296 starters, only 98 made it to the Mediterranean principality.

This year, striving for even better things—perhaps with nobody finishing—officials changed the date of the competition to insure the worst possible weather and then added Minsk to the list of starting places. The latter move was a stroke of good fortune. While starters from Oslo and Glasgow and five other cities were running into depressingly balmy weather, a fast-talking, faster-driving little Irishman from Belfast named Paddy Hopkirk was having a colorful time—and colorful troubles—in Minsk.

Hopkirk's trip actually started in 1912 in the days of the czars when a mad fellow named Nagel negotiated the 2,000 miles between St. Petersburg and Monte Carlo in eight days, in an open car. "Now, could I do anything less than Nagel?" asked Paddy. So with 21 other Westerners he drove to Brest-Litovsk and then to Minsk. On hand to greet him with caviar and vodka were five Soviet rally teams and Leonid Afnassiev, president of the Soviet Automobile Federation. "We never imagined," said he, "that there would be more than two Soviet vehicles and five foreign cars wanting to start here."

Right from the outset Paddy was a great success with the Russians. "They had never seen a Republic of Ireland passport before," he explained modestly. "I'm from Belfast, but I was educated in southern Ireland in a church school and later studied engineering at Trinity College in Dublin. That's when I acquired my passport, and I've never changed to a British one. Some silly Englishman told the Russians I had worked with the Irish Republican Army and that made me more popular."

Crowds gathered early in the morning to look at the Western rally cars. "Humiliating it was, too," remarked Paddy, who was driving a little Morris-made Mini Cooper, "because it was so bloody cold that we could never get our motors going. They said it was only 20° below zero but it felt more like 50°. Anyway, we pushed our cars or had them towed to the main square. The Russians asked us seriously whether that was the way we normally started an automobile in the winter in England."

While Paddy and his navigator, Henry Liddon, a Morris car salesman from Bristol, were fighting to survive in Minsk, Monte Carlo rally connoisseurs were freely predicting a smashing victory for a newcomer to European rallies, Ford of Detroit. Last year these same experts snickered and chortled when, for the first time, the American firm started three Falcon Sprints in the Monte Carlo. But they were "laughing yellow," as the French say, when big Bo Ljungfeldt of Sweden in an "oversize, unwieldy" Falcon swept all five speed stages, establishing an alltime record. Had it not been for an early rally penalty, "*Le Grand Bo*" would have won, and it was only his first "Monte."

This year Ford decided to enter six factory Falcons and hire the finest crew of rally drivers of any manufacturer. Besides Ljungfeldt, there was the 1962 world racing champion, Graham Hill; the top French drivers, Jo Schlesser and Henri Greder; and Peter Harper of Britain. Ford also bid for the women's cup



LIOOON PRESS TO FINISH IN MONTE CARLO



IRELAND S PADDY IS ALL SMILES AS HE STANDS BEFORE MAP AT ENO OF TOUR

by entering a seasoned English rally driver, Anne Hall, with the 1964 rally's only American girl, Denise McCluggage of New York.

But Ford had no monopoly on American participation. Chrysler made its European rally debut with three Plymouth Valiants powered by new V-8 engines. Unlike Ford, Chrysler spent little time reconnoitering the five dangerous speed stages between the Alps and Monaco. They also counted on Americans to drive and navigate. One of them was the U.S. rally champion, Scott Harvey of Detroit but, as old Monte hands saw it, Chrysler was "*un bon outsider*."

Many European car people, who resented the "big push" from Detroit, confidently predicted a third consecutive victory for the towering, potbellied, pleasant-mannered SAAB engineer from Sweden, Erik Carlsson. Interest in Carlsson was greatly increased, at least sentimentally, by the fact that his wife, Pat Moss (Stirling's sister), would also drive a factory SAAB from Oslo.

With 91 of the 299 competitors beginning there, the Norwegian capital was the favorite starting spot. This is explained by the Scandinavian drivers' passion for driving on ice and snow, the Nordic authorities' competence in clearing snowbound roads (in Yugoslavia or Spain or southern France it is quite another story), and the relaxing ferryboat rides to Denmark. The drivers' confidence was not misplaced, for nine of the first 11 finishers started from Norway.

Otherwise, there was not much to choose among starting from Frankfurt or Lisbon or Monte Carlo itself. The distances of the different itineraries varied very little, from the 3,013 miles from Frankfurt to the 2,760 miles from Minsk. As always, all drivers had to take the "common route," a winding, 875-mile journey from Reims to Monte Carlo via the Jura Mountains, 3,000- to 5,000-foot Alpine passes and the tortuous Maritime Alps. Sprinkled through the mountainous route were the five speed stages that were meant to separate the sheep from the goats.

Alas for the Scandinavians, who prayed for snow. There was none. Disgusted drivers had to settle for a wee bit of fog and sparse patches of ice. The Carlssons, who had started 70 minutes apart, were both so far in advance that they had time in Germany for a family chat. At Reims, drivers sipped champagne in an improvised barbershop where many were shaved. "This isn't a rally," sighed Chrysler's Harvey, "it's a joyride."

While the experts continued to watch the Fords, Chryslers and Carlssons waltz around western Europe, nobody was paying any attention to the little Irishman on the Caviar Road from Minsk in his "little red biscuit tin on wheels." Hopkirk slept every night from midnight to 8 in the morning while Liddon droned on at 85 or 90 miles an hour. Their worst obstacle was Paddy's Irish passport. At the Polish and Czechoslovak frontiers, customs guards inspected curiously, delaying progress considerably.

"Oh, that miserable Irish passport," groaned Liddon. "English pig," retorted Paddy. "Irish bum," replied Henry.

The longest delay came at the Czech border, where officials poked sticks into every corner of the car. "I half expected them to ask me," said Paddy, "if I had anyone to declare. The main thing is they didn't touch that caviar we brought from Russia. We figured on selling it for more profit than we could make winning first prize [$2,400]."

Meanwhile the two Soviet Moscovitch 403s and the three Volga M 21 ms were having trouble. They had taken the rally rule book literally and concluded that service cars in front of and behind them were illegal. So they loaded hundreds of pounds of tires and spare parts in each of the five cars. By way of contrast, Erik Carlsson said to his navigator: "Get rid of those loose coins in your pocket or change them into bills. No extra weight in this SAAB, please."

The Soviet drivers were also having map trouble. They had ordered a set of five maps from a French automobile club well before the rally, but somehow only one set ever arrived. That obliged the five cars to stick pretty much together. In Liège, Belgium, they rushed into the automobile club and finally acquired four extra maps of the Reims-Monte Carlo road.

Rally officials were dismayed when they counted noses at Reims. No fewer than 274 out of 299 starters had reached the city of champagne, most of them unpenalized. If any old Sunday driver could complete the great Monte Carlo rally,

continued

they reasoned, who would ever take the race seriously again?

"Then all of a sudden the joyride somehow turned into a nightmare," recalled Harvey. "We knocked ourselves out trying to stay on time. We would roar into a gas station, help ourselves to a tankful, toss a couple of what we hoped were big enough French bills at the bewildered attendant and speed off."

What had happened to turn the rally into a rat race? A far tighter time schedule, the speed stages, the accumulated fatigue of 72 hours of nonstop driving, nightfall and scary Alpine roads.

Trant Jarman and his American teammate, Sam Croft Pearson, began to feel groggy. "We may have been breathing gas fumes," Jarman said. "We had a cockeyed conversation in which I asked Sam how much time we had left and he replied that double rooms were more expensive than single ones. At one point when I thought I was going pretty fast, a woman on a bicycle passed me by."

The biggest problem for all drivers was deciding what kind of tires to use in the Alps above Monaco. Here the road was dry, there it became icy. The Misses Hall and McCluggage put on the wrong tires, those with big studs, and their Falcon advanced on the last speed stage like a crab. "The car was absolutely unmanageable," Anne said.

Bo Ljungfeldt had similar trouble. "I never knew just which tires we should have on," he said, "and if I were to do the rally all over again tomorrow, I still wouldn't know." Nevertheless, Bo won every one of the speed tests. Well, not quite. On the third lap the big Falcon was tied by that little red Mini. Paddy was making his bid for victory. When rally fans in Monte Carlo learned Hopkirk's and Ljungfeldt's times, they exclaimed: "It's David and Goliath!" A 6-foot 4-inch Swede in the rally's biggest car against a 5-foot 8-inch Irishman in one of the rally's smallest.

Battling for what seemed like third place were the two Carlssons. "Bravo Erik," shouted rally spectators in the Maritime Alps, as the small red SAAB whipped by, but the driver was often Pat, not Erik. Driving brilliantly, powerfully, Pat Moss beat her husband by 17 seconds on the fourth lap and was less than 50 seconds behind him after the speed times were totaled.



LEAD COUPLE IN RALLY, SAAB drivers Erik and Pat Carlsson talk with friends in Monte Carlo. Two time winner Erik was third this year, Pat fifth, highest finish ever for a woman.

Between Chambery and Monte Carlo about 100 cars fell by the wayside. George Parkes and Arthur Senior, two Britons in a Reliant Sabre, had a blowout, somersaulted over an embankment and landed right side up at the foot of a wall, a bit shaken. Few drivers were seriously injured. Even Pauline Mayman, whose Austin Cooper collided with another car and was burned, escaped with a broken rib and fractured leg.

In all, 163 competitors completed the rally within the allowed time, among them Prince Michel de Bourbon-Parme. All five Soviet cars finished but were disqualified for being late. "We will be back next year and hope to do better," their drivers said cheerfully at a cocktail party given by the U.S. Ford team.

For several hours after the rally no one knew who had won. That was because of a complicated handicap system based upon the car's class and its cylinder capacity. In other words, while Ljungfeldt obviously had a much more powerful automobile than Hopkirk, Paddy had the advantage of a better handicap. So did the Carlssons in their little SAABs. When the results were announced, Hopkirk was leading Erik Carlsson by 31 seconds, Pat by 46, Timo Makinen of Finland (who also was in a Mini Cooper) and Bo Ljungfeldt, both by 64 seconds.

But there was still a three-lap, just-over-six-mile pure speed race on the Grand Prix circuit, with no handicaps for size or power, to decide the overall winner. Ljungfeldt was expected to pick up one place in the standings by going faster than Makinen. Bo did better than that. He picked up 30 to 50 seconds, enough to pass Makinen and both Carlssons and win second place behind beaming Paddy. For Carlsson it was a great disappointment not to win a third straight rally, but he (and SAAB) were consoled by Pat's superb fifth-place performance, the highest that any woman has ever finished in Monte Carlo.

Chrysler's best Valiant placed 88th, which is obviously nothing to write home to Detroit about. But, in all fairness, Chrysler made nothing like the massive effort of Ford. As for Ford, officials in Monte Carlo were understandably jubilant about Ljungfeldt's remarkable performance and satisfied with, if not elated over, the showing of all the other Falcons, two of which were in the first 11 finishers. "We missed winning the Monte Carlo rally by a mere 30 points," said Team Manager George Merwin. "We will be back next year—to win."

But the happiest and most surprised fellow in Monte Carlo was 31-year-old Paddy Hopkirk. "We knew we had run a good rally," he said, "but when we saw the dry roads and sunny skies in the French Alps, we said to ourselves, 'The Fords have it clinched.' " Far from it, the Morrises enjoyed a team triumph with first, fourth and seventh places. Paddy, however, was pleased for another reason. "I shall meet Princess Grace. She has an Irish background. Do you think I ought to tell her," he asked with a brogue, "that I'm Irish, too?" **END**

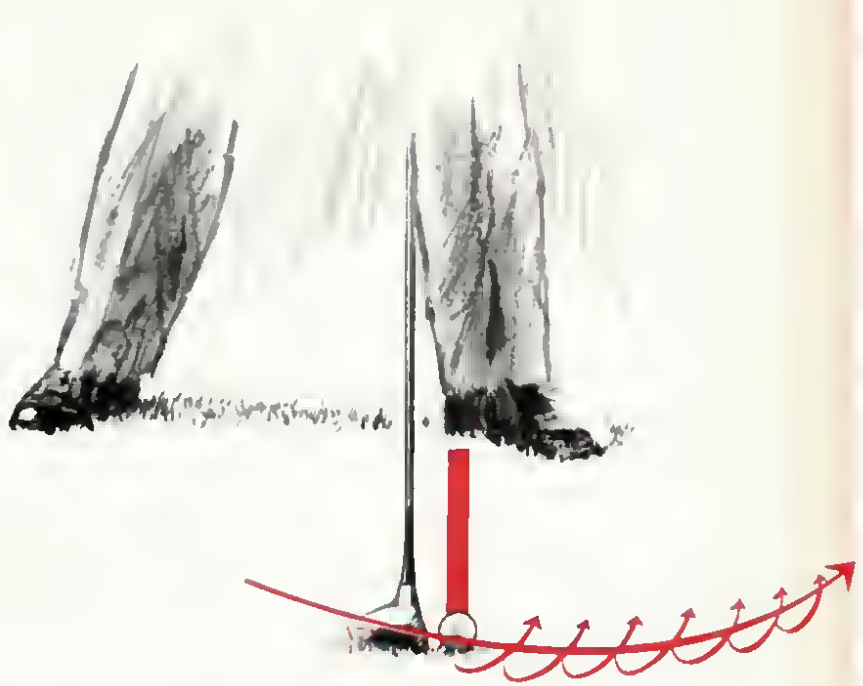
A deeper lie requires a different swing

Many players, especially those with the higher handicaps, have trouble making up their minds whether to try to sweep a fairway wood shot off the grass or to punch down through the ball as they would on certain kinds of iron shots. The fact is, the shot can be played either way. The decision must be based on the lie.

On very well-kept fairways you will frequently get an exceptionally good lie for a wood shot. In this case it is possible, and more effective, to sweep the ball off the turf. The ball should be in line with the left heel at address. On the downswing you should concentrate on bringing the club face squarely into the ball at the bottom of the swing's arc. The club head should not dig into the grass after impact. Trying to punch down on a ball that is in a good lie will more often than not result in a shot that is blooped high in the air.

On many occasions, however, the ball will be sitting down in the grass somewhat. When this is the case the ball should be played a couple of inches nearer the right foot than usual. The club face should be open at address. This will result in a slight fade but will also help get the ball up quickly. On the downswing you should bring the club face into the ball *before* it has reached the low point of its arc. You will take turf, therefore, after the ball has been hit. By doing this you will not only get the ball up and on its way as soon as possible but also guarantee solid contact.

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FROM A GOOD LIE *the fairway wood is played almost as far forward as when hitting a drive. The ball is swept cleanly off the grass, and it can be hooked.*

FROM A BAD LIE *the fairway wood is used like an iron. The ball is moved toward the center of the stance, a divot is taken after contact and the shot may fade.*



FRANCIS GOLDEN

STEPS TO THE STARS

BY HUSTON HORN

PHIL BACO





Following the command of the family's heraldic motto, an aging Oregon rancher named John Day has overcome middle-age erosion to set speed records on mountains, bag big game in Alaska and come within hailing distance, or at least so he hopes, of a place on a U. S. Olympic ski team

John Stewart Day, heroically motivated, likes to be different, and here are some of the ways he has realized himself. Instead of a house cat he keeps an African cheetah. Instead of climbing mountains he likes to sprint to their summits and then dash down again in record time. Instead of driving a Ferrari, he drives a Volkswagen with a supercharged engine. And, when dining out at the Pear Blossom Room of the Mon Desir Dining Inn near Medford, Ore., his home town, he never drinks whisky. Instead he orders his favorite cocktail, a Shirley Temple, which is Seven-Up spiked with pomegranate syrup. And woe to the man who sniggers.

Now, just recently, John Day has attained a kind of uniqueness ordinary men can only dream about while reading the back panel of their box of breakfast Wheaties. Day, as of the opening ceremonies at Innsbruck this week, has officially become the oldest, most decrepit man in the world who failed to make a team in the Winter Olympics. That is the theory, anyway, and if it is a statistic hard to check out, it is one easy enough to believe. For non-Olympian Day is hard of hearing, wears bifocals, has back trouble, is slightly lame, has had ulcers, is known as Granddaddy to two small boys in his family and is 54 years old.

Notwithstanding any of this, Day spent the *continued*

Casual as you please, Day lets his 100-pound pet, an African cheetah, lick his arm while wife Mary watches with strained composure.

past 24 months pointing himself toward a berth on the U S Nordic ski team. His particular aim was to join the team's *Langlaufer* skiers, a breed of supermen who do not go in for that sissy slide-down-a-hill stuff, but for the killing, ice-on-the-eyebrows, cross-country kind. With the deliberate intention of making himself a member of that hearty, husky lot, Day strapped on a pair of skis for the first time when he was 52. Once he had learned how to remain upright on the pesky things—no easy matter, he discovered—he graduated toward the science of moving forward in a predetermined direction, and from there developed a knack for moving uphill and downhill at a dead run. In pursuit of his latest hobby, Day expended considerable time, energy and money—his reserves of all three seeming to be ample. And though the competition was fierce inasmuch as those who did eventually make the U S Nordic cross-country team have an average age of 25, there is reason to believe that had Day joined them in Innshruck he could have made at the least a respectable showing for his country. What kept him from ever having a real chance was one small, niggling detail. When the team was put together, Day had never skied in an official cross-country race, and the Olympic subcommittee governing the selection of the U S Nordic team did not see how it could possibly make an exception to the rules for him and still discharge its duties with responsibility. The rules, put simply, require a candidate for the U.S team to compete in a few qualifying races in order even to attend the final selection trials. A lot of people may see the logic of this, though John Day himself felt it was an outstanding example of narrow thinking and took steps to have the rules changed. "Everybody but the President called me up in John's behalf," says a ski-team committee member, seemingly glad to get away from the telephone. Not that this means the basic issue of John Day and the Olympic team is closed. The Day family motto shouts, "To the stars!" But since it says nothing about how soon a Day should get there, John is being philosophically cheerful. "Well, for goodness' sake," he says, "don't forget there will be another Olympics in 1968. I'll only be 58 years old then, so what's the big rush?" Some might think Day is kidding when he says a thing like this, but he is not. When a man like Day gets within striking distance of celestial success, he is not likely to slacken his pace.



Day exercises in his multimirrored gymnasium with an isometric bar, all part of his preparation for cross-country skiing.

A cattle breeder among other things, John Day lives on a ranch outside Medford in the beautiful countryside that is southern Oregon. "The ranch runs six miles thataway and, I reckon, a couple or more thisaway," Day will explain with sweeping arm motions, and he and one other man, a foreman named Don Hanscom, keep it up. Day's house is situated on top of a high hill overlooking the burbling Rogue River and about 4,000 acres of rolling range where the deer play and the buffalo roam. The deer are there because it is fairly wild territory, and the buffalo are there because a friend sold six of the animals to Day a few years back and they have been multiplying ever since. Day once toyed with the idea of crossbreeding his buffalo and his cattle—to what purpose is not known. He abandoned the plan on the advice of veterinarians, who told him that it would not work.

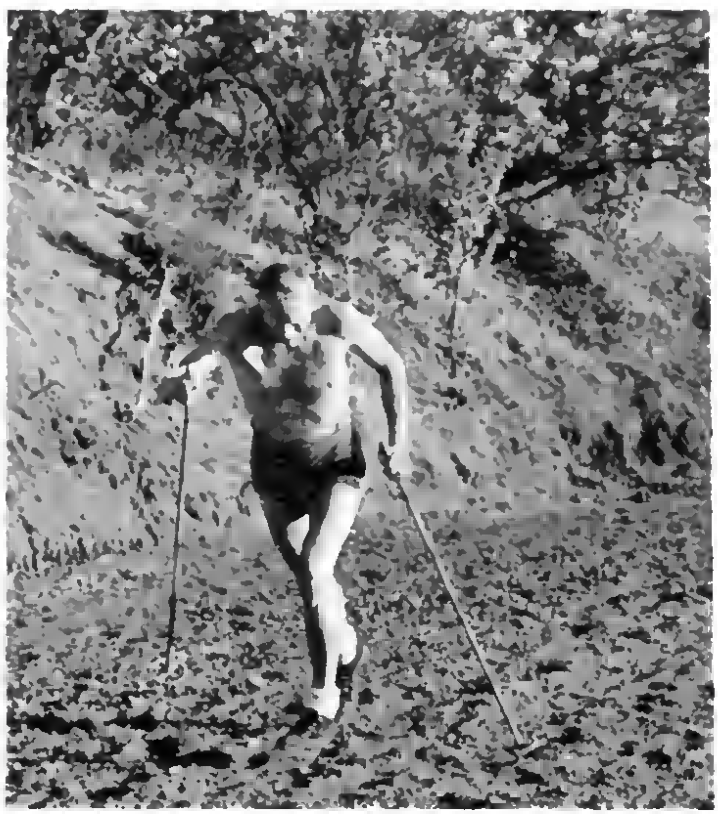
Because Day married Mary Parsons, the daughter of a well-connected Seattle family, and because he has consummated a successful business venture or two of his own, his house is in the six-figure class. It is also in the shelter-magazine class, and after it was built eight years ago it was the subject of a 10-page lead story in an issue of *House & Garden* devoted to having "the courage of your own convictions in decorating." The idea of the house, the Days told the *H & G* people, is to create an impact inside and out, yet leave the visitor perfectly at ease withal. It certainly does most of that. The house is put together with stone and cedar, and right from the representation of a Cro-Magnon cave mural beside the front porch, it offers an inside glimpse into the kind of family that lives there. Since Day is a big-game hunter, the head and forequarters of a stuffed bear reach out to embrace anyone entering the front door, and a stuffed Arctic wolf waits in ambush, fangs bared, around the first turn. The wolf, although somewhat unnerving to

the family's three dogs and the semicivilized cheetah, is just so much furniture to the Days. They use its broad, fluffy back as a make-do bulletin board and leave notes for one another on it, such as, "Please have car greased," or, "Am at golf club." Forging deeper into the house, one sees a continuing variety of mounted trophies—goats, sheep, polar bears and whatnot—and, indeed, when the Days weary of one particular animal's presence, they can go into a living-room closet and choose a substitute head to their liking, including the remains of a homegrown buffalo that died of old age. The courage of the Days' convictions in decorating got its severest test, surely, when Mrs. Day discovered she was allergic to the living room's llama-wool rug, one which she had had woven in Ecuador and which repeated the motif of Cro-Magnon man's gamboling animals. Rather than send out for a nylon substitute, Mrs. Day had her doctor compound an antidote to her allergy. Whenever she is obliged to pass any lengthy time in the room she gives herself a shot in the arm, and all is well.

The living room also contains a movie screen on which Day can project the highly professional films he has made —or starred in—during half a dozen hunting trips to Alaska. Day is equally adept with rifle and camera, and sometimes he has been obliged to use both instruments almost simultaneously. One of the films in his collection shows him approaching a bear hidden in a creek bed. Day, who has put down his rifle on the snow, is about to snap the bear's portrait when it charges furiously up the creek bank. So, coolly, Day takes the picture anyhow, and then reaches down for the gun and shoots the critter dead at 20 paces. A companion on the trip recorded all this with Day's movie camera, and Day dearly loves to show the film. What with learning to ski, Day has not had much time for hunting lately, but he still wants to tackle Africa with gun and camera, which he has never done. "I was all set to go a few years ago for *Look* magazine, but at the last minute they got Ernest Hemingway instead," says Day. "If I had been the editor, I would have made the same decision, I'm sure," he adds, but his heart is not in it.

For a man with John Day's zest and enthusiasm, a house would not be complete without a gymnasium, and, of course, he has one. It is a splendid room with many mirrors for self-appraisal, and the trappings include ankle developers, barbells and an isometric-bar contraption. Day got the isometric exerciser not long ago, and the first time he used it he put his back out of whack. But he has since come to appreciate the subtle benefits of isometric contractions and recommends them unreservedly to anybody who will listen. Ranged around the walls of his gym are various pieces of skiing equipment, and behind the sliding doors of one closet is a vast array of mountain-climbing apparel. Day has been elected to the advisory boards of several cold-weather-clothing manufacturers, and they regularly send him samples of their wares, seeking his endorsement and recommendations. It is a clue to Day's generosity, which is very large, that he will open up this closet and ask a visitor to help himself.

Finally, in a room overlooking his heated swimming pool, Day has his home office. He is an unabashed collector of newspaper clippings, documents and gimcracks, and the walls and shelves in the office are blanketed with such oddments as ice axes and pitons, a photograph of John Glenn (whom Day resembles), a quotation from President Lyndon Johnson deploring procrastination, college diplomas, membership certificates from the Rotary Club, fraternities, outdoorsmen's clubs and the American Airlines' Admirals Club, and a number of framed letters from such luminaries as Dwight Eisenhower and Stuart Udall. Alaskan taxpayers will appreciate the $100 wolf-bounty check over his desk which, he says, he will never cash. A number of framed photographs taken by Day also are scattered around. Characteristically, each frame bears a small brass plate identifying the subject of the picture and, in somewhat larger letters, the photographer. "I guess you can say John has about five principal hobbies," says a man who knows and admires Day. "They would be mountain climbing, hunting, skiing, photography and tooting his own horn."



Practicing his Nordic skiing technique on a ranch road, Day runs uphill, stabbing the ground with his ski poles.

continued

The son of a man of protean tastes himself (his father, Earl, has been a concert pianist, an Oregon state senator, a judge and a rancher in his time), John Day showed an early liking for exercise and derring-do. His earliest hero, he remembers, was *Tarzan of the Apes*, and many were the boyhood hours he spent swinging through the family cherry tree while his mother clutched her heart below. The cherry tree was finally rendered, in part, into what Mrs. Day may have wished it was all along—a coffee table in John's living room. When there was work to be done on his father's ranch, John made the best of a bad situation by challenging his brother, who is two years younger, to contests. "Pitching hay," says their sister, Nancy, "was an annual event at home that was as important as any football game." Other times John challenged his father to ax-throwing matches and later put that experience to very good use: in his late teens and early 20s Day worked as a forest-fire fighter and ranger and, at one time or another, held the ax-throwing title in five Northwest national forests. "There was one rule we heard every day as children," says John's sister, "and that was, if a thing was worth doing it was worth doing well. John took that lesson to heart."

Educated at Oregon State, the University of Oregon and the Harvard Business School, Day returned to Medford, where he concerned himself with business interests that ranged from cattle breeding to gold mining. Healthy and wealthy, he was doing just fine until his back gave out about the time of his 40th birthday.

Troubled by a persistent ache that no local doctors could ease, Day flew off to Boston's Lahey Clinic—"the most famous clinic in the world," he points out when discussing his case—where his ailment was diagnosed as arthritis. The disease was so advanced, in fact, that Lahey doctors ventured he would never be able to walk upright again. That was too big a pill for Day to swallow, and he rejected it. Well then, said the doctors, a program of carefully gradu-



During a rare subdued moment in the living room of his handsome house, Day relaxes with one of his three dogs. The rug at his feet is made of llama wool, to which his wife is allergic.

ated exercises might help restore him to limited usefulness. Day willingly went for this alternative and, as is now apparent, there are very few limits to his ability to locomote. But hardly had he resolved his back problem than he was at Lahey again, this time with ulcers. During his second stay he did a little soul-searching.

The medical tribulations he was enduring, he concluded, might have their good points. Accordingly, he derived a new philosophy from the experiences. "The way I suddenly saw it," he says, "a man's life can be divided into three parts of 20 years each. The first 20 he spends developing himself from infant to adult, both mentally and physically. He spends the second 20 laying waste his physical assets in abuse and disuse. I was smoking four packs of cigarettes a day, for instance, and doing no telling what else. Then, in his last 20 years, a man passes his time in crippled, feeble regret for all he's done wrong to himself. I figured I had gone through the first two periods right on schedule. And I knew I was in for more and more physical trouble unless I changed my way of living. What would I do? I asked myself. I decided to climb mountains."

Ordinarily a man does not just commence to climb mountains, particularly a man past 40 with arthritis and ulcers. John Day is rarely bound by ordinary thinking, however, so there was nothing to stop him, and one early morning he simply hiked to the top of Mt. McLoughlin, a respectable if somewhat undernourished 9,497-foot peak in upper Oregon. "We—my wife and I and some friends —were up at Lake of the Woods for the Labor Day weekend in 1956," says Day. "We were playing cards and fishing and just having a pretty good time. Sunday evening I was out on the porch of this cabin we were staying in and off in the distance I could see McLoughlin rearing up. I don't know what came over me, but I made up my mind I was going up that mountain before the next day dawned." Accordingly, at 2 a.m., Day started up the mountain's side. By daybreak he was almost to the summit "When I got to the top, I was puffing and blowing, but I was not the bent-over old man the doctors had thought I would be. I was a man who was standing 9,500 feet tall, and I hadn't been so proud of myself in years."

In the years since, Day figures he has made about 150 ascents of various mountains in the Northwest and Alaska. With the exception of a few, however, U.S. mountains are not too difficult to climb. A pack mule accompanied Day, for instance, when he went to the top of Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the U.S. south of Alaska. So Day resolved to make the game more challenging. "Climbing is a competitive sport, as far as I am concerned," he says, "and although this idea offends the purists, I think of climbing as a battle against cold, wind, altitude and a man's own inclination to say to heck with it and turn around halfway to the top." To make the U.S. mountains more competitive, Day made his decision that he would not exactly climb them, he would run them.

There being no such thing as speed records for mountaineering, Day had to invent that idea, too. He did this by the simple expedient of declaring the mountains open for foot racing and then charging off into the mists. Thereafter, in a succession of breathless ascents, Day, some mountaineer friends he came to know and occasionally his son, John Parsons Day, tackled almost every mountain in reach, each a little higher than the one before. Day's velocity and momentum became so frenetic in the summer of 1958 that he climbed six Washington mountains in nine days and, indeed, between the Fourth of July and Labor Day, was up and down a total of 17 major peaks.

It was with this feat—never equaled, but then possibly never challenged—that Day says he gave up climbing for speed records. One factor affecting his decision, perhaps, was a growing animus between him and some other Northwest mountaineers, who looked upon his tactics with a certain amount of scorn. Speed climbing is not only theatrical and shallow, they charged but, what is worse, it is dangerous. Day himself admits to the last criticism. "I stopped setting records," he says, "because I became aware that others, in seeking to break them, might overextend themselves and wind up in trouble." Ironically, it was Day himself who wound up in trouble just a few months later.

It had long been Day's ambition to climb Alaska's 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley, this continent's highest mountain. Day tried it, along with three other mountaineers, among them Jim Whittaker, who went to the top of Mt. Everest last spring with the American expedition. On May 15, 1960 the climb began. The four men reached the top of McKinley in three days without incident, and Day placed a metal plaque on the summit in honor of his wife. On the descent, however, one of the men lost his footing and the whole party, roped together, fell 500 feet down a glacial slope. Day, the worst hurt, suffered a fractured left leg, dislocated right ankle and torn tendons in both legs.

As it happened, three other climbing parties were on McKinley at the same time, and one of them heard Day's call for help moments after he had fallen. Not much later the biggest mountain-rescue operation in U.S. history was launched—a woman in one of the other parties was reported in distress from exhaustion at the same time, complicating the situation—and after four days of suffering in a tent Day was lifted off the mountain by a helicopter flying some 1,300 feet above its rated ceiling. But the dramatic rescue was no triumph. Earlier the same day two men in a light plane had flown up to the spot where Day lay and had crashed about 100 yards from his tent. Both men were killed, and their widows have since filed suits against Day seeking damages.

After his rescue, Day spent two months in hospitals in Anchorage and Seattle, and while the experience may have sobered him and left him lame in his left ankle, it did not destroy his love of climbing. To celebrate the first anniversary of the fateful McKinley climb, he went back up Mt.

continued

McLoughlin, where the whole thing had started, and then sent a telegram of congratulations to the Seattle doctor who had set his broken bones 12 months before, informing him that he was back in business.

If Day is not the dear friend of Northwest mountaineers, there is no gainsaying his ability to get up and down mountains, a most remarkable ability considering his age. Thus it was not surprising that in 1963 he was invited to go on the American Mt. Everest expedition, an invitation tendered, to some degree, because of the financial help he could supply the team. Day first accepted, then later announced he would not go. He said business commitments prevented his spending six months away from home, but there was one other factor that probably colored his decision. Day's expansive personality began to rub some other members of the team the wrong way, and there came the time of a mutual falling out.

Not that Day did not need the time now left him to develop his skiing, which he determined to take up after attending the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley, Calif. He needed lots of time. "I had watched the downhill skiers," he says, "and while I was impressed by their skill, I was not impressed by the physical ease with which it was done. But when I saw cross-country skiing I knew that was something I would like. It exacted a great deal of effort. That's my dish of tea."



Alaskan brown bears cavort on Day's home-movie screen. He photographs many more animals than he shoots with a gun.

In the fall of 1961, therefore, with his eyes fixed firmly on the 1964 Olympics, Day got busy. "I thought about the kids I had seen skiing past," he says, "and I told myself I would be doing better than they were in 10 days. However, 2½ months later, I guess it was, I wasn't even sure I would ever learn to keep my balance on skis." Eventually, with the help and patience of friends and instructors, Day got the hang of skiing downhill. "I got to be—and I still am—what you could call an average, run-of-the-mill skier," he confesses. With that under his belt, he went looking for someone to teach him the secrets of Nordic skiing.

Day, who likes to start at the top, naturally called first on Willy Schaeffler, widely considered the preeminent ski coach in the U.S. Schaeffler, too tied up with his duties as coach of the University of Denver ski team, was unable to take on Day. Nothing daunted, Day decided to go to Norway, where he knew he could find Nordic coaches with no trouble. Before leaving, he notified the U.S. Olympic Nordic ski committee of his plans and told members he wished to be considered for a place on the team. Since the team is open to anyone who can demonstrably prove himself superior to the next man, there were no objections. The only requirement, the committee told him, was that he enter the qualifying races to establish his proficiency.

Unfortunately, Day never managed to establish anything. He showed up for the sanctioned North American races in Crested Butte, Colo. last winter but hurt his shoulder in practice and could not enter the 15-kilometer cross-country run. And by the time he got to Norway, all competition there was over as well.

Still, in Norway, Day did get in a fair amount of practice—about 2,000 miles' worth, is his estimate. "For one 40-day stretch, I was on skis all day, and my coach and I would cover about 30 miles each day. Of course, we had a communication problem; he didn't speak English and I don't speak Norwegian. His wife would try to translate for us at night, telling me what he said I had done wrong during the day. You don't exactly get the nuances this way, so after he had grounded me pretty well in fundamentals, I got another coach. I stayed with him for a month, and we kept moving north until there just wasn't any more snow. Then I came home."

After weighing the credentials of the dozens of U.S. skiers anxious to try out for the Olympics, the Nordic committee narrowed its list down to 25 last June. John Day was never on the list, because there was nothing official to indicate he should be. Nevertheless, in the hope an exception might be made for him, he kept up his training program to the bitter end. During the summer and fall he ran literally hundreds of miles across his ranch, sometimes loping up hillsides with a ski pole in each hand, perfecting the curious bent-kneed, hopping lope of cross-country skiing. Workouts with the isometric bar were just as constant. "There was nothing I could do about it, of course," says Ted Farwell, chairman of the Nordic subcommittee. "Mr. Day did not meet the set requirements, and to make an exception for him I would have to make an exception for every man in the United States who thinks he should be on the team. If I had done that the tryouts would have been unmanageable."

But, needless to say, Day has remained undaunted. He now has four years to train for the next Winter Olympics. He intends to spend the winters improving his skiing, but how else can he keep himself busy? "Well," he says, casting his eyes aloft and thinking about that family motto, "I may take up sky diving." **END**

A Bird That Blew in the Back Door

While bird watchers had their binoculars down, the cattle egret sneaked quietly into the U.S. and made itself at home

by JOHN O'REILLY

In recent years frequenters of open space in the southern part of the country have been intrigued by a white bird, as tall as a chicken but not nearly as fat, that stalks grassy swards and pauses occasionally to wriggle its long neck in an ornithological version of the twist. The eye-catching newcomer in our midst is the cattle egret, *Bubulcus ibis*, an Old World heron that is causing the biggest stir in American bird watching since the passing of the last heath hen.

The cattle egret is the first bird in history to invade this continent without an assist from man. Other exotics, including the European starling, the Chinese pheasant and the English sparrow, were all brought in and deliberately liberated in the hope that they would like it here. (Some liked it only too well.) The cattle egret has come of its own volition, sneaking past border guards down South so unobtrusively that it was not discovered until it had made itself at home. Now it is found all over the East and as far north as Newfoundland, and almost overnight, as such things go, it is on the way to becoming common.

Bubulcus ibis caught bird watchers and professional ornithologists with their binoculars down. It is clear now that the bird had been stalking around in cattle pastures and meadows for some years before the birders became aware that there was a new species in town. It was not until April 23, 1952 that the first specimen was taken for scientific reference. Three birders, W. H. Drury Jr., A. H. Morgan and R. Stackpole, took the historic bird near Wayland, Mass.

The stranger achieved anonymity by the simple expedient of mingling in groups of its American cousins. Bird watchers were so used to seeing flocks of white herons out on marshy meadows and pastures that it never occurred to them to look closer for the buff-colored feathers on the crown that mark the cattle egret. During the breeding season this orange-buff color spreads down the neck and onto the upper back. One birder, Richard Borden, photographed some white herons on a Florida ranch and did not learn until later that cattle egrets were among them. He described his mortification at being the first man to photograph the new bird in America without knowing it in an article in the *Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society*. It was entitled *Was My Face Red?*

Alexander Sprunt Jr., who was leading Audubon tours in the same area at the same time, frankly admits that he was hoodwinked by the bird.

"My only explanation," he wrote for the Smithsonian Institution, "lies in the fact that white herons feeding with cattle were so much a part of the local scenery that they were simply pointed out to visitors as such, often at some distance."

It must be admitted on behalf of the embarrassed birders that from afar the cattle egret can easily be mistaken for the snowy egret or, perhaps, the little blue heron in its immature white plumage. But at close range the differences become apparent—not only in the buff coloring but in the stouter bill and in the legs which are yellow to dull reddish during the breeding season. It is not known just how long the bird had been getting away with its little game, but once the ruse was discovered the birders went after it like hounds on a hot scent.



Credit for being the first to find a nest of the cattle egret in North America goes to Samuel A. Grimes of Jacksonville, Fla. and Glenn Chandler, an Audubon warden. On May 5, 1953 they discovered it and the one egg it contained in a rookery on

continued

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King's Bar, an island in Lake Okeechobee. Other nests later were found in the same rookery. The immigrant had moved right in and was sharing accommodations with native herons and all the other residents of these populous bird towns. The nests were loose platforms of sticks similar to those of other herons and usually contained three or four bluish-white eggs.

In the decade since 1952 the cattle egret has made good progress in its adopted land. Its numbers built up rapidly in Florida, and reports began coming in from the Atlantic seaboard. Several years ago I visited Fort Jefferson National Monument in the Dry Tortugas, across 65 miles of ocean beyond Key West. There, marching around the parade ground of the massive, pre-Civil War fort, were half a dozen cattle egrets.

Once they got a foothold, the birds displayed unusual tameness as they paraded around golf courses, airports and grassy roadsides in an endless search for insects. Those who watched a group for very long were sure to see them do the twist with their necks. No native American heron goes in for these curious gyrations. A cattle egret will be staring ahead intently when suddenly its neck will begin to undulate in a snaky rhythm. The dance, if that is what it is, is brief. While it is in progress the head appears to remain still. Sprunt describes it as a hula motion. Twist, hula or Indian rope trick, it is a comical habit and should be investigated further.

In this country the birds have proved their strong affinity for cattle. They stay close to the feet or grazing muzzles of their mammalian friends, snatching insects flushed by the cows. In return for this service they pick ticks and other insects from them. They walk right under cattle, and it is a wonder they do not get stepped on—but they always ease aside just in time. Sometimes they perch on the animals' backs. Mrs. Sprunt saw one following a cow, and when the cow entered the water to wade in a canal the egret hopped onto its back.

In 1961 the bird was doing so well that veteran bird man Allan Cruickshank saw a roost of 30,000 of them on Merritt Island, most of which is being taken over for the Cape Kennedy base. Birders making their Christmas counts in Florida reported a total of almost 10,000.

Then, in the spring of 1962, the cattle egret underwent its own population explosion. Riding air currents the birds pushed up the Atlantic coast all the way to Nova Scotia. *Audubon Field Notes*, the compiled records of many observers, reported them not only in New England, New York and New Jersey but out in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and even Oklahoma and inland Texas. The first nesting for Canada was reported from Ontario.

Previous movements were mild compared to this eruption, which carried the birds over half the country and raised a few questions. Will the cattle egret compete with any of our native birds? Will it prove destructive or become a nuisance? Will its healthy appetite for insects prove beneficial on ranches afflicted by grasshopper plagues? Will it turn its appetite to other things? The bird bears watching—and it will be watched.

While awaiting the answers ornithologists have turned backward in their investigations to find out how the cattle egret got here in the first place. Having failed to find any evidence of a human assist they are pretty well agreed that a band of the birds probably rode the prevailing easterlies from Africa to the South American coast. A search of the records indicates that the first South American specimen was taken in British Guiana in 1937.

Later there were sightings in Venezuela, the Netherlands West Indies, Surinam and Colombia. Once *Bubulcus ibis* became established in South America only a little island-hopping was necessary to bring it to this country.

Although the sneakiness of its arrival here may be deplored, the birding fraternity is now alert to the opportunity of studying a species in the process of taking over and becoming adjusted to a vast new territory. What migration patterns will it establish? Will the western mountains prove to be a barrier? (English sparrows crossed the Continental Divide by riding in empty grain cars.) Will the bird itself undergo changes in its new environment? Dr. Robert Storer, curator of the U. of Michigan's Museum of Zoology, has suggested that a hundred specimens be taken now and preserved so that future scientists may make comparisons.

The questions posed by this slippery invader are many, but now hundreds of the nation's bird watchers are on its trail, determined to round up as many of the answers as they can. It is highly doubtful that *Bubulcus ibis* will be able to pull any more fast ones. **END**









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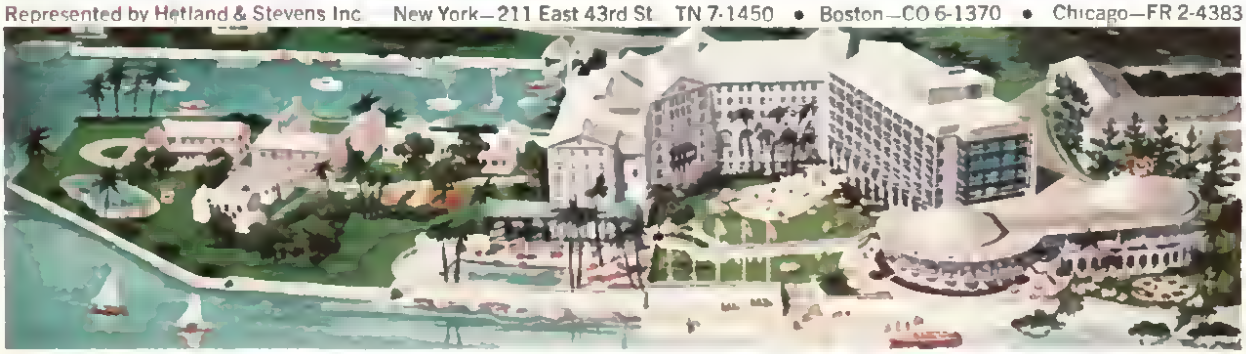
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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (14-1) 2. ST. BONAVENTURE (11-2) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (11-5)

VILLANOVA's Jack Kraft is not a complainer, but occasionally he broods about little things. Such as why his talented Wildcats sometimes have trouble with mediocre foes. Last week Villanova let harmless West Chester stay alarmingly close for a half. Then big Jim Washington, a Bill Russell type, took charge of the backboards, Richie Moore poured in 26 points and the Wildcats won 78–61. Penn also had Villanova wrapped in a tight squeeze for almost 30 minutes before the Cats pulled off four quick steals to put away the game. This time slick-shooting Wally Jones scored 20 points as Villanova took its 10th straight, 72–48.

ST. BONAVENTURE got little Pan American and its glittery pro prospect, 6-foot-9 Lucious Jackson, into cozy Olean Armory and taught them a few things. Fred Crawford scored 36 points, 6-foot-5 Art Wood held Jackson to 17 and the Bonnies won 84–77. ST. JOSEPH'S and PROVIDENCE, two early-season slackers, came on fast. The Hawks, going with their big men now, beat St. John's 72–60. Providence held off Canisius to win 77–74. Three days later against Niagara, the Friars led by two points with seven minutes to play. Then Noel Kinski came off the bench to stir up a fast break. Jim Stone and John Thompson each scored 35 points and Providence ran away with the game, 95–75.

La Salle broke down on the road. The Explorers' defense bent before a 31-point whomping by DUQUESNE, then disintegrated altogether against hot-shooting MIAMI. The Hurricanes' Rick Barry, maneuvering adroitly through and around the big Explorers, slipped in 32 points as Miami won 121–99. In Washington, GEORGETOWN's Jim Christy eluded La Salle's box-and-one zone, scoring 30 points to lead the Hoyas to an 85–81 win.

ARMY's best team in years also found the road rocky. After beating Hofstra 64–59 at West Point, the Cadets were ambushed by Duquesne in Pittsburgh and lost 74–68. Then PITT clawed weary Army, 86–64. Duquesne, meanwhile, with stubby Willie Somerset scoring 47 points, beat Xavier 83–76. SYRACUSE had its big guns roaring at home. Led by Dave Bing's 24 points, the Orangemen buried Colgate 117–91.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (15-0) 2. VANDERBILT (13-1) 3. KENTUCKY (14-2)

"I hereby dedicate this game to Kentucky alumni in Atlanta who are sick of seeing Georgia Tech beat us." That was KENTUCKY's Adolph Rupp talking in Lexington last week, and nobody was sicker of losing to Tech than The Baron. But, for a while, it seemed that his magnanimous gesture to the folks in Atlanta would be wasted. The cagey Jackets, playing their backcourt men deep, lured Kentucky's over-eager Tommy Kron out just far enough to over-spread the Wildcats' new 1-3-1 zone. Ron Scharf cut through for easy layups and Tech led 39–37 at halftime. Kentucky, however, moved Kron back a few steps and pretty soon Georgia Tech was in big trouble. Cotton Nash (22 points) and Ted Deeken (19 points) led a sizzling Wildcat fast break, and Terry Mobley shot over the Tech zone for 16 more. Kentucky won 79–62.

Tennessee almost had DUKE. Danny Schultz, the sharp-shooting little guard, hit for 15 straight points in the second half and, with 23 seconds to go, the Vols led 54–50.

TWO HIGH SCORERS



WAYNE ESTES
UTAH STATE

DANY BNAOOS
OHIO STATE

Then big Jay Buckley hooked in a shot, Denny Ferguson stole the ball away from Schultz and whipped it to Buzzy Harrison for a layup that tied the score. Jeff Mullins' three points in the last 79 seconds of the second overtime gave the game to Duke, 65–63.

Two unlikely challengers popped up in the Atlantic Coast. MARYLAND's young Terps shook up Wake Forest with some hot shooting and whipped the Deacons 91–82. SOUTH CAROLINA, under new Coach Dwane Morrison, who took over for resigned (because of "nervous exhaustion") Chuck Noe, surprised Clemson 67–56.

Loyola of Chicago, even without injured Vic Rouse, hardly expected a tussle from slumping MEMPHIS STATE. So State confused the Ramblers with a zone defense with man-to-man variations; Bob Neumann led a vigorous backboard charge that swept away 79 rebounds; and down went Loyola 83–65. Then the Tigers trounced Mississippi State 81–66.

Unbeaten DAVIDSON's quick gunners were back on target after a 10-day rest. Fred Hetzel scored 29 points as the Wildcats ran Wofford bowlegged, 105–73. VIRGINIA TECH was still winning, too. The Gobblers defeated East Carolina 72–68 and Virginia 78–62.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (14-1) 2. WICHITA (14-3) 3. DE PAUL (12-0)

Life kept getting less beautiful for Loyola and Cincinnati, last year's NCAA finalists. The Ramblers, no longer quick or deadly, tried to hoodwink WICHITA with a zone defense instead of their usual press. But the Shockers shot them out of it and then went to work on Loyola with their exasperating delay game. Dave Stallworth got 29 points and, when the Ramblers were forced to foul to get the ball, Wichita dropped in 10 straight free throws in the last three minutes to win 80–76.

Cincinnati, suddenly everybody's target in the Missouri Valley, lost its sixth game, to ST. LOUIS 78–76. Ron Bonham, although hounded by Rich Naes and Rich Parks, tried desperately to keep the Bearcats alive with 29 points, but there were just too many aggressive Billikens for Cincy.

Beating muscular MICHIGAN in the Big Ten was proving almost impossible. Minnesota tried it with an orthodox zone and got an orthodox 80–66 thrashing. Michigan State used an all-court press and a 1-3-1 zone with chasers, but couldn't catch up with Cazzie Russell, the Wolverines' wondrous sophomore. When he was not jumping, hooking or driving for his own points (34), Russell fed Bill Buntin with zingy passes (for 25 more) as Michigan won 91–77.

OHIO STATE and ILLINOIS still had hopes. Gary Bradds, despite Purdue's collapsing zone that at times threatened to engulf him, pumped in 47 points for a new St. John Arena record as the Bucks won 98–87. The Illini trounced Arizona State 97–78.

Some daylight began to show in the Mid-American race as first-place OHIO U. caught Western Michigan with its star Manny Newsome nursing a gashed hand and beat the Broncos 95–68. Newsome also lost his national scoring lead to BOWLING GREEN's Howie Komives, who got 43 points—for a 33.6 average—as the Falcons smashed Findlay 107–78. Unbeaten De Paul was idle. CREIGHTON, with Paul Silas picking off 36 rebounds and scoring 22 points, hammered Marquette 84–57.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (16-1) 2. HOUSTON (12-6) 3. TEXAS A&M (8-4)

Patience and fortitude paid off handsomely for HOUSTON. The deliberate Cougars went at TCU with their stifling full-court press from the very start, and it so upset the Frogs

continued

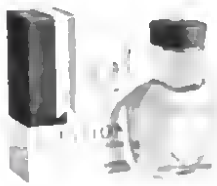
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that they gave away the ball 13 times in the first half. Houston won easily, 83–63. Baylor was tougher for the Cougars. They just did squeak by 61–60, for their seventh in a row, when Baylor's Lee Yearwood missed a foul shot with four seconds to play.

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons, who only recently was complaining about injuries, wished he had more cripples like Bud Koper. Koper, sore-legged (from a cracked ankle bone) and sore-headed (from a 30-stitch cut over his eye), scored 34 points against SMU. Unfortunately, the Mustangs had some shooters of their own—Gene Elmore and Carroll Hooser got 42 between them—and the Chiefs lost their fourth straight, 79-73.

RICE was the only other Southwest Conference team to win last week. The Owls blasted Trinity, 94–74. TEXAS WESTERN outscored West Texas State, 61–53.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (16-0) 2. OREGON STATE (16-3) 3. UTAH STATE (12-2)

As most people suspected, OREGON STATE is more than 7-foot Mel Counts alone. Last Friday when the big fellow got into foul trouble, outside shooters Jim Jarvis and Frank Peters took over against Stanford. Jarvis scored 19 points, Peters 11, and the Beavers won 65–57. Saturday night, Counts again picked up three early fouls. This time Peters poured in 20, Jarvis 12 and Stanford lost again by exactly the same score.

It was a frustrating week for Colorado State's excitable Jim Williams. While UTAH STATE's big front line merrily thumped his Rams at Logan, Williams prowled the sidelines, wringing his hands at every whistle. His histrionics were futile. Led by Wayne Estes' 29 points, Utah State won easily, 86–70. The next night at Salt Lake City, Williams was reasonably calm as his team baffled UTAH with perfectly executed screens that trapped Ute Guards Doug Moon and Skip Kroeger. Then Utah switched from hustle to muscle as burly Granny Nash and lanky Dan Hawes put a stop to CSU's patterns. Moon got the idea too, and his long-distance shooting put the Utes back in the game. That touched off Coach Williams. He sat on the floor, exchanging barbs with the officials and even Utah Coach Jack Gardner. But Utah beat him anyway, 78–68.

Brigham Young's Stan Watts was much more composed when his Cougars played Utah State. He just sat by helplessly as Estes fired in 28 points, and Troy Collier 27, to bomb BYU 105–90. Said Watts admiringly, "I don't know what on earth we could have done to stop them."

SEATTLE had almost no trouble with Dayton. Little Peller Phillips bombed away from outside and the Chieftains romped, 80–63. But it took last-minute baskets by Charlie Williams and Rich Turney for Seattle to put down Idaho, 63–57. END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—BOSTON lost two straight while CINCINNATI was winning two in a row, and the Celtics' lead in the East slipped to 2½ games over the Royals. (One of the games was between the two teams and the Royals won it 109–92 for their fourth victory over the Celtics in their last six meetings.) Then Boston took three in a row while Cincinnati lost two, and suddenly the Celtics had their biggest lead in a month—five games. PHILADELPHIA dropped two games to extend its losing streak to five (longest of the season for the 76ers) before crushing the Royals 134–111. After edging the Knicks 131–129 on Larry Costello's two free throws with 24 seconds left to play, the 76ers were beaten easily by the Bullets. NEW YORK lost four straight to fall even deeper into the cellar. (24 GBI.) LOS ANGELES held its lead in the three-cornered Western Division race by winning three out of five games, including two big ones over the Warriors. ST. LOUIS fell briefly to third after losing two out of three to the Celtics but jumped back into second, 2½ games behind the Lakers, by taking two from the Pistons. SAN FRANCISCO, which held its opposition to fewer than 100 points in nine of its last 10 victories, took two straight from the Pistons, 100–88 and 125–93, before losing two out of three to the Lakers. BALTIMORE won five in a row for its longest streak of the season (it was the first time in seven weeks that the Bullets had won anything in a row). Walt Bellamy averaged 33 points and 18 rebounds a game during the streak, and at one point sank 17 consecutive field goals as the Bullets overpowered the 76ers three times (124–121, 124–116 and 131–120). The Knicks 130–114 and the Royals 115–99. DETROIT defeated the Lakers 118–107 but that was all—its next five games were losses.

BOWLING—BOB STRAMPL of Detroit rolled a 715 three-game final series to beat Tommy Tuttle of Rural Hall, N.C. (616) and win the $100,000 All-Star Championship in Dallas. It was his first national title in five years of professional competition (his best previous finish in the All-Star tournament was 76th in 1957) and earned him $15,000 first-prize money. Defending Champion Dick Weber finished fourth. LAVERNE CARTER of St. Louis took the women's championship for the first time, with a 683 final series and Evelyn Teal of Miami was runner-up with 609. Mrs. Carter's husband, Don, four-time winner of the All-Star tournament and considered the best bowler in the world, had a poor 4,048 total in the 20-game preliminaries and failed to qualify for the semifinal round. The same fate befell Mrs. Marion Ladewig of Grand Rapids, Mich., eight-time women's champion, who placed 89th in the preliminary rounds and sat out the semifinals.

BOXING—PONE KINGPETCH of Thailand captured the world flyweight championship for an unprecedented third time by a split decision over Japan's Hiroyuki Ebihara, after a wild 15-round fight in Bangkok's 90° heat.

Argentina's GREGORIO PERALTA hooked, jabbed and chopped his way to a unanimous decision over Wayne Thornton in a 10-round light-heavyweight fight at Madison Square Garden. It was his 27th straight win (unbeaten in 47 fights) and earned him a title match with Light Heavyweight Champion Willie Pastrano later this year.

GOLF—JUAN (Chi Chi) RODRIGUEZ shot a one-under-par 70 in the playoff round to win the $50,000 Lucky International tournament in San Francisco by one stroke over Don January. The two had finished the regulation four rounds tied at 272, while Arnold Palmer and Ray Floyd had tied for third with 275s.

HARNESS RACING—Italian-owned NIKE BANOVER, driven by Hans Fromming, moved out at the top of the stretch and won the $100,000 Grand Prix d'Amerique Europe's richest trotting race, by a length over French-owned Nisos II in Vincennes, France. The American entries, Duke Rodney, Elaine Rodney and Porterhouse, finished far back in the 19-horse field.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL tied CHICAGO for the NHL lead by winning two and tying one in four games while the slumping Black Hawks went 1–1–1 for the week. TORONTO suddenly forgot how to score and was shut out twice (third time in five games). The only goal made by the Maple Leafs all week, however, earned them a 1–1 tie with the Rangers. DETROIT split two games and its fourth-place lead over NEW YORK shrank to two points as the Rangers (the best team in the NHL the past month [eight wins and one tie in 12 games]) lost only one game out of four. In a 3–2 victory over the Red Wings, Ranger Goalie Jacques Plante made 46 saves. BOSTON dropped two straight (6–4 to the Rangers and 3–1 to the Black Hawks) and then won two straight, 16–0 over the Canadiens and 2–0 over the Maple Leafs. The shutouts were Ed Johnston's fourth and fifth of the season.

HORSE RACING—The Gedney Farms' GUN BOW ($6), ridden by Willie Shoemaker, won the $132,000 Charles H. Strub Stakes for 4-year-olds by 12 lengths at Santa Anita, Calif. During the race William Haggin Perry's LAMB CHOP, last year's champion 3-year-old filly (she won nine stakes races and $309,137 in 1963), broke her left front ankle and had to be destroyed. "I feel very, very bad about this Lamb Chop was really a great filly," said her jockey, Manuel Ycaza.

Earlier WILLIE SHOEMAKER rode four winners in one day at Santa Anita and after his last victory replaced Eddie Arcaro as the all-time leading money-winning jockey, with earnings of $30,043,792 in nearly 15 years of riding. (Arcaro amassed $30,039,543 in 30 years.)

MOTOR SPORTS—Driving a Morris Cooper, PADDY HOPKIRK of Northern Ireland and Co-driver HENRY LIDDON of England finished first among 299 starters in the grueling Monte Carlo rally (*see page 48*) and 15th in the final day's speed test to win the rally by 30 points. Bo Ljungfeldt and Fergus Sager of Sweden, who took the speed test in a Ford Falcon, were second, while Sweden's Defending Champion Erik Carlsson and Gunnar Palm, driving a SAAB, were third in the overall standings.

TRACK & FIELD—At the Telegram Maple Leaf meet in Toronto, Australia's ALBIE THOMAS, competing indoors for the first time in his 12-year career, ran three miles in 13:26.4 to tie the world indoor record set by another Australian, Al Lawrence, in New York in 1960. Bob Schul came in second, 80 yards behind, and Bruce Kidd finished third. HAYES JONES took the 50-yard high hurdles in 5.9 seconds, equaling his own record. Other winners were TOM O'HARA in the mile (4:07.3), BILL CROTHERS in the 1,000-yard run (2:08.3), GEORGE KERR in the 600 (1:12.2), JOHN THOMAS in the high jump (6 feet 10 inches) and JEFF CHASE in the pole vault (16 feet). In Portland at the Oregon Invitational meet, BILL BAILLIE of New Zealand won the two-mile in 8:31.9—just 1.2 seconds short of Jim Beatty's record time. It was the first indoor race for the 29-year-old distance runner (20,000-meter world record holder), who said, "I expect to improve my times until I'm 35. Then I plan to go in the marathon until I'm 40." At the Albuquerque Invitational meet BOB HAYES sprinted 60 yards in the world-record time of six seconds flat for the second time in two weeks; and JIM MILLER upset Blaine Lindgren in winning the 60-yard high hurdles (7.1 seconds).

MILEPOSTS—WITHDREW GEORGIA TECH from the Southeastern Conference, following a dispute over its allowed number of football and basketball scholarships. The school was a charter member of the 31-year-old athletic conference.

RELEASED NICK SKORICH, 42, after three seasons as head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, by the club's new owner, Jerry Wolman.

RETIRED CHUCK NOE, 36, after a season and a half as head basketball coach at the University of South Carolina.

DIED ROSS MILNE, 19, an Australian Alpine skier (*see page 8*) and Polish-born KAZIMIERZ KAY-SKRZYPESKI, 58, a British bobsledder, from injuries suffered during Olympic practice sessions, in Innsbruck, Austria.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—Tony T[illegible] 12, 13—Fred [illegible] Tony Trolia; Lee Balthrop 14, 15—Walter Iooss Jr. 16—Lee Balthrop 18—[illegible] Du[illegible] Ian Rapkin; Guillumette 21—[illegible] Silk LIFE 22—Lee Balthrop 38—Phil Bath 40, 43—James Drake 46—AP 48, 50—Jean Marquis 54-58—Phil Bath 59—AP 61—Miami Newspapers, Inc.; Sanford (Fla.) Herald; N.O.A. Photo.

FACES IN THE CROWD



YVONNE GOOLAGONG, 12, Australian aboriginal who grew up in tiny village of Barellan and learned to play tennis without benefit of professional coaching, won the girls' under-13 singles and doubles at the New South Wales hard-court championships in Canterbury.



GEORGE HAGGARTY, 61, a corporation lawyer from Detroit who plays golf left-handed, defeated Dr. John Mercer of Sarasota, Fla., a retired optometrist, one up, in the final round to win the Belleair Seniors tournament (for golfers 55 and over) in Belleair, Fla.



BOBBY LUNQUIST, 13, who led the Sanford (Fla.) junior basketball team to a second straight state title last year, scored 62 points (on 28 field goals and six free throws) for the WTRR Radio team in an 86–28 victory over First Federal Savings in a Biddy Basketball league game.



KURT HAAS, goalie for the Macalester College hockey team in St. Paul, did not need to make a single save while his team was shutting out St. Olaf College (Northfield, Minn.) 10–0. "I might as well have got out the cards and started playing solitaire," he said afterwards.



JOHN HOOGES, 16, a 147-pound novice boxer from Trenton, N.J., won his first Golden Gloves fight the quickest way possible: he took just one second to floor his opponent with a hard right to the chin, and the referee counted him out for an official 11-second KO.



WILLIE HOBSON, an executive with a Seymour (Ind.) manufacturing firm and an outboard boat racer in his spare time, won the National Outboard Association's high-point award for semiprofessionals for the third year in a row, with a record high in 1963.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MISS SI

Sirs:

We would like to express our appreciation for your article *Swimsuits That Are Made to Get Wet* (Jan. 20), and especially your "cover girl." Any information concerning her will be relished by every Duke freshman.

GEORGE BENSON
MIKE DROITCOUR
GREGG SPRINGER

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

Her combination of natural assets and vitality of expression is delightful.

STEPHEN M. ANDRES
CHARLES J. BEERS JR.
DONALD L. RIFENBERG

Annapolis, Md.

Sirs:

Right now she is the talk of Noonan Hall, Marquette University!

Please keep us happy. Tell us more.

BOB MILARDO
MIKE BEVERLEY

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Tell Miss SI I love her. I want to marry her.

PHIL GRAY

West Point, N.Y.

● Sorry, fellows, Miss SI is bespoken. —ED.

Sirs:

Good night! Let's watch those covers. They raise too many eyebrows when my parishioners see something like that coming into my study via the mails.

The REV. WAYNE SCOTT

Morrill, Neb.

SIGN LANGUAGE

Sirs:

Coles Phinizy and Fred R. Smith have unquestionably recorded the ultimate in asinine comments with their unwarranted, vituperative attack on the underwater signs at Buck Island Reef National Monument (*The Amphibious Resorts*, Jan. 20).

I presume they will next advocate destroying all labels and signs in museums and art galleries since to identify anything or to explain anything is "absurd" and "marring."

RICHARD T. GALE

Coulee Dam, Wash.

Sirs:

I was shocked to find no mention of Richard Newick of St. Croix in your Caribbean section. Dick offers trimaran and catamaran sailing and guided tours of the underwater Buck Island Reef National Monument.

Newick's 32-foot trimaran, *Trine*, offers the fastest sailing anywhere in the Caribbean. His 40-foot catamaran, *Aye-Aye*, can accommodate 20 guests to Buck Island, and is a perfect boat for organized divers or for club use. Newick also has a 36-foot native sloop, *North Star*, which offers a more sedate and not quite so rapid, but nonetheless enjoyable, sail.

All are available for Buck Island at $10 per person or for weekly charter on inter-island cruises. Mr. Newick may be contacted at Box 159, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands.

JAY BORIK

Gillette, N.J.

Sirs:

Your "Sneakers and Snorkels" map of the Carribean is in error. You have the island of Cuba completely off limits. It isn't so.

Some very fine scuba diving can be had off Cuba for only a small price: a four-year hitch in the U.S. Navy or the U.S. Marine Corps.

GLEN F. HORTON JR.

University City, Mo.

Sirs:

Coles Phinizy is right on target describing the quiet joys of Marina Cay, which my wife and I visited last year. But Fred Smith, in his *Fish Watcher's Guide to the Caribbean*, is unduly pessimistic about the difficulty of getting there. Instead of that three-hour, boat-taxi-boat routine, it is much simpler to charter a plane at the St. Thomas airport. The flight to Beef Island by Piper Apache takes 15 minutes, costs $16.50 per person and provides a breathtaking view of the Virgins. The Bathams will send a boat, at no cost, to take you from Beef to the Cay, a journey of about 15 minutes.

JOHN T. ELSON

New York City

FIGHTING IRISH

Sirs:

In *Days of Wine and Bloody Noses* (Jan. 20) Doc Kearns tells of starting Mickey Walker on the comeback trail in a match with one Shuffles Callahan at Chicago.

I was a reporter on the old *Chicago Journal* at the time and remember Callahan as a free-wheeling fighter who had an impressive string of knockouts in bouts with third- and fourth-rate opponents. He had a large and enthusiastic following among the Irish of South Chicago.

When Walker flattened him in the eighth round, the Irish wailed like banshees, but their injured pride was salved when they learned that "Callahan" was not Shuffles's real name, but that he had been born of parents who originated in one of the Baltic provinces, possibly Lithuania.

I also recall that there was some controversy about the decision that gave Walker the middleweight title in that fight with Tiger Flowers. Many at ringside thought the Tiger was the winner.

But it's a long time ago.

HAL EVANS

Larned, Kans.

HOME-TOWN DIPLOMACY

Sirs:

It is not within my competence to debate the logic of your continued references to the ineptness of the AAU, but I do feel qualified to disagree with your statement in SCORECARD (Jan. 13) that the "best the AAU could do for the Italian nationals [basketball] team was to provide opponents like . . . Glassboro (N.J.) State."

I don't believe the Italians came here just to sharpen their basketball skills against the best in our land. They were invited to tour America because a lot of people (including Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson) believe that through international competition in sports our relationships with other nations can be improved.

Being hosted on a small-college campus by a pretty good small-college basketball team (25 wins out of 28 games over the past two seasons) can have just as salutary an effect on the visitors' opinion of the U.S. as playing against a major intercollegiate basketball power. Perhaps more so!

GSC's athletic director, Mickey Brigha, arranged a tour of historic Philadelphia (including a tour of Independence Hall) for the visitors and a luncheon on our campus where warm words of welcome by college officials were immediately translated into Italian. The full day and evening at Glassboro ended in a well-played basketball game, which the Italians won (as expected).

That their visit aroused interest in this area can be attested to by the attendance of many of the Italian-Americans who live in south Jersey, as well as officials associated with the Italian consulate in Philadelphia.

I think you should tell your readers that in scheduling a game for them with friendly, typically American Glassboro State College, the AAU did pretty well by the Italian nationals.

JAMES M. LYNCH JR.
Dean of Students

Glassboro, N.J.

continued



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FLOATING FRANCHISE

Sirs

I'm getting sick and tired of the way people are running baseball in these United States. If Charles Finley wants to throw money around so much why doesn't he just build a stadium between Seattle and Tacoma? These two cities are only 30 miles apart and would outdraw Kansas City and Louisville put together. They even wanted to build a floating stadium in Elliott Bay (Seattle) that would seat 60,000 people. As far as attendance goes there are no problems. The combined Seattle-Tacoma population is more than 700,000. Bunched in between the two cities are several towns, such as Auburn (13,600), Kent (9,300) and Renton (19,300). Then about five miles from Tacoma is Puyallup, which has 12,400 people, and north of Seattle lies Everett with 44,500. So within a stretch of about 50 miles lies a string of cities with some 800,000. In a couple of decades this 50-mile stretch will be just like one mass city.

JIM GLEN

Tacoma, Wash.

TAKING AIM

Sirs:

Seldom have I read such poppycock as the letter from Congressman John D. Dingell (19TH HOLE, Jan. 6) regarding the "sacred right" to bear arms, a right no more sacred than the right to throw snowballs and a heckuva lot more dangerous.

The Congressman says, "Guns do not kill any more than do automobiles, airplanes, hammers, saws, ladies' spike heels," etc., etc. This could be so—although the incidence of fatalities from ladies' spike heels is, I suspect, not alarming—but guns are specifically designed to kill.

If, as Dingell says, there is now no legislation before the Congress which "would have prevented" or at least greatly diminished the likelihood of the horrible tragedy of November 22, may I suggest filling this void along the following lines:

1) It should be unlawful to own, possess or use a firearm unless licensed by law-enforcement authorities.

2) It should be unlawful to sell, transfer or give a firearm to any person not licensed.

3) All firearms should bear serial numbers.

4) All individually owned firearms should be registered with proper authorities.

5) All sales or transfers of firearms should be registered.

6) Licenses should be issued only to adults of good character and only for specific, legitimate purposes. Licenses to be revoked for any illegal, dangerous or careless use.

7) Licenses should not be issued to anyone ever convicted of a felony.

8) Violation of any part of the firearms law should be considered a felony with appropriate prison penalty.

Enacted into law, these controls would in no way restrict legitimate protective or sports use of firearms, but they would substantially decrease illegal use of firearms, prevent thousands of robberies and save thousands of lives—possibly including the life of some future President.

WARREN S. MITCHELL

Long Beach, Calif.

GREENER SLOPES

Sirs:

Current sun and snow conditions at Snoqualmie Pass hardly rate your Huston Horn's insistent description of it as the rainiest ski area known (*No Wet Blankets at Snoqualmie*, Jan. 6). Besides, who's asking for any Easterners to come try our slopes? We don't need any more. Here, the fellow with the price of the tow can put in a day on the mountains, not just the fat-walleted character who *can afford* the long weekend at the high-priced resorts in your part of the country. So we have just barely enough room for those around here. The reason everybody goes home at the end of a day's skiing is because they want to golf in Seattle the next day or go out in the bay to fish for salmon. Who needs overnight facilities when your own bed is just an hour's ride home? Take off those green eyeshades and quit being so envious!

Incidentally, we don't even own a snow-making machine!

DORIS MACLEOD

Seattle

Sirs:

I would like to point out a few details that were overlooked in your story of skiing at Snoqualmie.

To begin with, the first ski school of any size was managed by Ken Syverson, backed by *The Seattle Times* and operated at the Milwaukee Road Ski Bowl at Hyak, Wash. This was a snow-train promotion that started a few years before World War II and reached its maximum with four weekly trainloads of high school students from Seattle, plus an additional weekly trainload from Tacoma. Each trainload carried about 800 or 900 students, and Ken Syverson had an expert staff of 30 instructors who taught all classes without charge to the youngsters. Ben Paris had the food and ski-rental-repair concession in Milwaukee Road's huge lodge. The first chair lift in the Snoqualmie area (a snow-sled type carrying four passengers) was built at the Ski Bowl by Keith Talley, and was put to good use when jumpers from all over the world competed there during the Olympic ski-jumping trials in 1947.

This interesting chapter in the lives of thousands of ski-schoolers came to an end when the Milwaukee Road's lodge burned to the ground in December 1950.

WILLIAM J. KOHL

Minneapolis



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